

The *GOLDFINCH*.

Being a Select

COLLECTION

Of the most celebrated

English SONGS.



L O N D O N :

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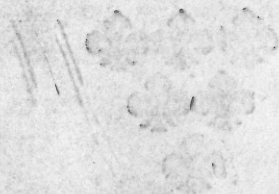
THE GOLDMINE

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An Alphabetical
TABLE
OF THE
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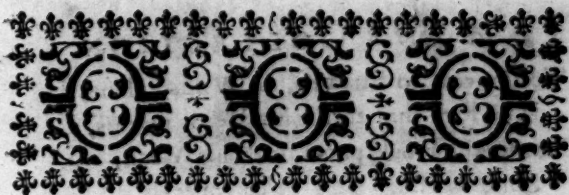
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A

Select Collection

OF CELEBRATED

ENGLISH SONGS.

SONG I.

FOR haughty *Phyllis Thyrsis* pines,
In his pale Cheeks the Roses fade;
The gaily chearful Sports resigns,
And seeks the sweetly soothing Shade.

Now by the Stream supine he lyes,
Or o'er the Mead does frantick stray;
Or to the rocky Mountain hies,
As Love directs the various Way.

B

2 *A Select* COLLECTION

To Groves, to Streams, to Wilds, alone,
 The Fire that thrills his Veins reveals,
 Nor to the Rock pours forth his Moan,
 Since babling *Echo* ne'er conceals.

At length the Nymph for *Thyrsis* burns,
 And cools his swift-consuming Flame :
Pleas'd Thyrsis smiles, sad *Phillis* mourns,
 And rising Blushes speak her Shame.

To mute Abodes the perjur'd Youth
 No more repeats a Passion feign'd ;
 The Village rings with the sad Truth,
 For *Thyrsis* boasts a Conquest gain'd.

If only to the Field or Stream,
 When the kind Maid his Passion eas'd,
 Had *Thyrsis* told the golden Dream,
 Then *Phillis* had not been displeas'd.

S O N G II.

WAFT me some soft and cooling Breeze
 To *Windsor's* shady, kind Retreat,
 Where sylvan Scenes, wide-spreading Trees,
 Repel the raging Dog-star's Heat :
 Where tufted Grass, and mossy Beds,
 Afford a rural calm Repose ;
 Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
 And fragrant Sweets around disclose.
 Old oozy *Thames* that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling Valley plays ;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 3

His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,
And thro' the flow'ry Meadow strays:

His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
His Vales with smiling Plenty swell;
Where'er his purer Stream is seen,
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
With naked Arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
And stem thy gently-rolling Tide.

Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd
Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade;
Where Water-Lilies paint the Ground,
And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let chaste *Clarinda* too be there,
With azure Mantle lightly drest;
Ye Nymphs, bind up her silken Hair,
Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast.

O haste away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love,
To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove,

S O N G III.

AH stay! ah turn! ah! whither would you flye,
Too charming, too relentless Maid!
I follow not to conquer, but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.

4 *A Select COLLECTION*

In vain I call; for she like fleeting Air,
When prest by some tempestuous Wind,
Flies swifter from the Voice of my Despair,
Nor casts one pitying Look behind.

SONG IV.

CHLOE, sure the Gods above
For our Joys did you compose,
Graceful as the Queen of Love,
Wanton as the billing Dove,
Fragrant as the blowing Rose.
Wit and Beauty both we find
Striving which shall arm you most:
Doubly, *Chloe*, thus you bind,
Had not Nature made you kind,
We alas! were doubly lost.

SONG V.

S*Trephen* when you see me fly,
Let not this your Fear create,
Maids may be as often shy
Out of Love, as out of Hate:
When from you I flye away,
It is because I dare not stay.
Did I out of Hatred run,
Lest you'd be my Pain and Care.
But the Youth I love, to shun,
Who can such a Trial bear?

of ENGLISH SONGS. 3

Who, that such a Swain did see,
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel Duty bid me go,

Gentle Love commands me stay;

Duty's still to Love a Foe,

Shall I This, or That obey?

Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles,

That defends, and This beguiles.

Ever by these Chrystal Streams

I could sit, and hear thee sigh:

Ravish'd with these pleasing Dreams,

Oh! 'tis worse than Death to fly:

But the Danger is so great,

Fear gives Wings, instead of Hate.

Strephon, leave me, if you love me,

If you stay, I am undone;

Oh! with ease you may deceive me,

Prithee, charming Swain, begone:

Heav'n decrees that we should part,

That has my Vows, but you my Heart.

SONG VI.

U Phraid me not, capricious Fair,
With drinking to Excess:

I should not want to drown Despair,

Were your Indifference less.

Love me, my Dear, and you shall find,

When that Excuse is gone,

6 *A Select* COLLECTION

That all my Bliss, when *Chloe's* kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.

The God of Wine the Victory
To Beauty yields with Joy;
For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,
When *Ariadne's* coy.

S O N G VII.

CHLOE, a Coquet in her Prime,
The vainest, ficklest Thing alive;
Behold the strange Effects of Time!
Marries, and doats at Forty Five.

So Weathercocks, that for a while
Have veer'd about with ev'ry Blast,
Grown old, and destitute of Oil,
Rust to a Point, and fix at last.

S O N G VIII.

DEspairing beside a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forsaken was laid,
And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow supported his Head:
The Wind that blew over the Plain
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply,
And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

of ENGLISH SONGS.

Alas! silly Swain that I was,
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear Tongue,
When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was Nightingale ever so sweet?
How foolish I was to believe,
She could doat on so lowly a Clown?
Or, that her fond Heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine Folks of the Town:
To think that a Beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove,
To go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
And live in a Cottage on Love.
What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd?
What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,
The Virgins sit weeping around?
Ah Collin! thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign,
Thy fair one inclines to a Swain,
Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.
And you my Companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false Maid:
If thro' the wide World I should range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,

8 *A Select* COLLECTION

'Twas hers to be false, and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.
 If while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground :
 The last humble Boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew,
 And when she looks down on my Grave,
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.
 Then to her new Love let her go,
 And deck her in golden Array,
 Be finest at e'ery fine Show,
 And frolick it all the long Day.
 While *Collin*, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale Moon
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

S O N G I X.

ALL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,
 When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
 O where shall I my true Love find !
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among the Crew ?
William, who high upon the Yard,
 Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,

'Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below :
The Cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high pois'd in Air,
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
(If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear)
And drops at once into her Nest :
The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet
Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely Dear,
My Vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me wipe off that falling Tear,
We only part to meet again :
Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be
The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,
Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind ;
They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
In e'ery Port a Mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail,
Thine Eyes are seen in Di'monds bright;
Thy Breath is *Afric's* spicy Gale,
Thy Skin is Ivory so white :
Thus e'ery beauteous Object that I view
Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely *Sue*.

10 A Select COLLECTION

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn;
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms
William shall to his Dear return.
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,
 Left precious Tears should fall from *Susan's* Eye.
 The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
 The Sails their swelling Bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on Board:
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head.
 Her less'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land,
 Adieu, she cry'd; and wav'd her Lily Hand.

S O N G X.

THE Sun had just withdrawn his Fires,
 And *Phoebe* shone with milder Ray,
 When *Thyrsis* to the Grove retires,
 As Love had pointed out the Way.
 His trembling Knees the Turf receives,
 His aching Head the Cowslips press;
 His Breast, that Sighs alone had eas'd,
 At last gave Way to this Address.
 O Queen, that guid'st the silent Hours,
 If e'er *Endymion* sooth'd thy Pain,
 By all thy Joys in *Savian* Bow'rs,
 Restore me *Rosalind* again.
 To thee my mournful Plaint I send,
 Protectress of the virtuous Mind,

of ENGLISH SONGS. II

Do thou thy chaste Assistance lend,
Venus is lewd, and *Cupid* blind.

Behold these Cheeks, how pale, how wan!

That once were grac'd with rosie Pride:

Dim are my Eyes, their Lustre gone,

My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched me it nought avails,

That *Phæbus* self has strung my Lyre;

Since *Plutus*, worthless God, prevails,

And only sordid Wealth can fire.

The Nightingale, that pines with Love,

With melting Notes does Grief suspend;

Me Verse, nor sweetest Sounds can move,

My Torments she alone can end.

But hark! the Raven's direful Croak,

Join'd with the Owl's ill-boding Shriek,

In frightful Consort Fate have spoke;

Alas! my Love-sick Heart will break.

Too cruel Nymph, haste, haste away,

And see your Victim prostrate lye;

I faint, I can no longer stay,

O *Rosalind*, for thee I die!

SONG XI.

THE Sun was sunk beneath the Hill,
The western Clouds were lin'd with Gold;
The Sky was clear, the Winds were still,
The Flocks were pent within the Fold:

12 *A Select* COLLECTION

When from the Silence of the Grove
 Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of Love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant Rose
 From the bare Rock, or oozy Beach:
 Who from each barren Weed that grows,
 Expects the Grape, or blushing Peach:
 With equal Faith may hope to find
 The Truth of Love in Womankind.

I have no Herds, no fleecy Care,
 No Fields that wave with golden Grain:
 No Pasture green, nor Garden fair,
 A Damsel's venal Heart to gain:
 Then all in vain my Sighs must prove,
 For I alas! have nought but Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
 Since Womens Hearts are bought and sold,
 They ask not Vows of sacred Truth,
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold;
 Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove,
 But I alas! have nought but Love.

To buy the Gems of *India's* Coast,
 What Wealth, what Treasure can suffice?
 Not all their Fire can ever boast

The living Lustre of her Eyes:
 For these the World too cheap would prove,
 But I alas! have nought but Love.

O *Sylvia*, since nor Gems nor Ore,
 Can with your brighter Charms compare,

Consider that I profer more,
 More seldom found, a Heart sincere :
 Let Treasure meaner Beauties move,
 Who pays thy Worth, must pay in Love.

S O N G XII.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow Swains,
 Their rural Sports and jocund Strains,
 Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid's* Bow;
 He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,
 And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
 He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
 His Grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal Cause all kindly seek ;
 He mingled his Concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their Friendly Tears,
 He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
 And she too kind Concern express'd,
 And ask'd the Reason of his Woe ;
 She ask'd, but with an Air and Mien
 That made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel Truth reveal ;

14 *A Select* COLLECTION

Which nothing from my Breast should tear,
Which never should offend your Ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the Plain,
You are the Cause of all my Care;
Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart,
Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart,
I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:
But you shall promise ne'er again
To break your Vows, or speak your Pain;
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG XIII.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
My ravish'd Eyes reprove;
And chide them from the only Face
They can behold with Love.

To shun your Scorn, and ease my Care,
I seek a Nymph more kind,
And when I rove from Fair to Fair,
Much gentler Usage find.

But ah! how faint is e'ery Joy,
Where Nature has no Part!
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But you engage my Heart.

So restless Exiles, as they roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where;
But languish for their native Home,
Tho' Death attend them there.

S O N G XIV.

W H A T tho' they call me Country Lass,
—I read it plainly in my Glass,

That for a Duchess I might pass,

Oh! could I see the Day!

Would Fortune but attend my Call,

At Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,

I'd brave the proudest of them all,

With a stand by!—Clear the Way!

Surrounded by a Croud of Beaus,

With smart Toupets, and powder'd Clothes,

At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose,

Oh! could I see the Day!

I'll dart such Glances from these Eyes,

Shall make some Nobleman my Prize;

And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize!

With a stand by——Clear the Way!

O then for Grandeur and Delight,

For Equipage and Di'monds bright,

And Flambeaus that outshine the Light;

Oh! could I see the Day!

Thus ever easy, ever gay,

Quadrille shall wear the Night away,

And Pleasure crown the growing Day!

With a stand by!—Clear the Way!

16 *A Select* COLLECTION

SONG XV.

FROM native Stalk the Province Rose
I pluck'd with green Attire:
But oh! upon its Graces hung
A *Flatus* to Desire.

A vile, destroying preying Worm,
Who shelter'd in the Leaf,
Had robb'd me of the pristin Joy,
And prov'd the lucky Thief.

So beauteous Nymphs too oft are found
The vilest Men to trust;
While constant Lovers plead in vain,
And die for being just.

SONG XVI.

IF *Phillis* denies me Relief,
If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine:
Tho' she laughs at my amorous Grief,
At my Mirth why should she repine?
The sparkling Champaign shall remove
All the Grievs my dull Soul has in Store:
My Reason I lost when I lov'd,
By drinking what can I do more?
Would *Phillis* but pity my Pain,
Or my am'rous Vows would approve,
The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love.

SONG XVII.

THE Play of Love is now begun,
And thus the Actions do go on :
Strepson enamour'd courts the Fair,
She hears him with a careless Air,
And smiles to find him in Love's Snare.

The A& Tune play'd, they meet again,
Here Pity moves her for his Pain,
Which she evades with some Pretence,
And thinks she can with Love dispense,
But pants to hear a Man of Sense.

The Third Approach her Lover makes,
She colours up whene'er he speaks,
But with feign'd Sights still puts him by,
And faintly cries she can't comply,
Altho' she gives her Heart the Lie.

Now the Plot rises, he seems shy,
As if some other Fair he'd try :
At which she swells with Spleen and Fear,
Lest one more wise his Love should share,
Which yet no Woman e'er can bear.

The last A& now is wrought so high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy :
She does no more his Passion shun,
He strait into her Arms does run,
The Curtain falls—the Play is done.

The SEQUEL.

NOW come Love's Plagues, the Fair enjoy'd,
 And with the Pleasure *Strephon* cloy'd,
 A feign'd Content the Lover wears,
 And with false Raptures sooths her Fears,
 While his Retreat employs her Cares.

Next Time they meet, a forc'd Respect
 Makes the Fair dread a cold Neglect,
 Strait her full Bosom heaves with Sighs,
 Yet tho' distracting Fears arise,
 Fond Love forbids to trust her Eyes.

Tortur'd with Doubts she next complains,
 And asks if hers are fancy'd Pains?
 With well-tim'd Rage he swears he'll rove,
 Vows, tho' he burns, he'll never prove
 The curst Fatigue of jealous Love.

To bring him back all Arts she tries,
 And bids his jealous Fury rise,
 Pleas'd, he that Stratagem disdains,
 Vows that no Fair shall give him Pains,
 That o'er a Fop contented reigns.

With Grief distracted now she burns,
 And to stern Rage her Passion turns,
 On the whole Sex her Fury bends,
 And the first Blockhead that attends
 Marries, and jilts, to gain her Ends.

SONG XVIII.

DIOGENES, surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,

Because in good Wine there is Truth:

But growing as poor as was *Job*,

And unable to purchase a Flask,

He chose for his mansion a Tub,

And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask,

Heraclitus ne'er would deny.

To tittle and cherish his Heart,

And when he was maudling, wou'd cry,

Because he had empty'd his Quart:

Tho' some are so foolish to think,

He wept at Mens Follies and Vice,

When 'twas only his Custom to drink,

Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes:

Democritus always was glad

Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,

And would laugh like a Man that was mad,

When over a full flowing Bowl:

As long as his Cellar was stor'd,

The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,

And when he was drunk as a Lord,

At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the rest

Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,

And thought that a Cup of the best

Made Reason the brighter to shine:

20 *A Select* COLLECTION

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,
And made his Philosophy reel,
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

Aristotle, that Master of Arts,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
And what we ascribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine :
His Belly, most Authors agree,
Was big as a watering-Trough,
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato*, that learned Divine,
He fondly to Wisdom was prone ;
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merit we ne'er should have known :
By Wine we are generous made,
It furnishes Fancy with Wings,
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

S O N G X I X .

S Ays my Uncle, I pray now discover
What has been the Cause of your Woes,
That you pine and you whine like a Lover ?
I've seen *Molly Mogg* of the *Rose* !

O Nephew ! your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Progg,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 21

Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,

A *Molly* much better than *Mogg*.

The School-boys delight in a Play-Day,

The School-master's Joy is to flogg;

Fop is the Delight of a Lady,

But mine is in sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Will o' Wisp leads the Trav'ler a-gadding

Thro' Ditch and thro' Quagmire and Bog;

But no Light can e'er set me a-madding,

But the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mogg*:

For Guineas in other Mens Breeches

Your Gamesters will palm and will cogg,

But I envy them none of their Riches,

So I palm my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

The Heart that's half-wounded is ranging,

It here and there leaps like a Frog,

But my Heart can never be changing,

'Tis so fix'd on my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited,

That Women, at best, are a Clogg;

But I'm not so easily frightened

From loving my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

A Letter when I am inditing,

Comes *Cupid* and gives me a Jogg,

And I fill all my Paper with writing

Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mogg*.

I feel I'm in Love to distraction,

My Senses are lost in a Fogg;

22 *A Select COLLECTION*

And in nothing can find Satisfaction,
But in Thoughts of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

If I would not give up the Three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,
And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,
For a Glance at my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

For those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
And seem as cut out of a Log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's Merit
Unite in my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give for my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

When *Molly* comes up with the Liquor,
Then Jealousy sets me a-gog,
To be sure she's a Bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose *Molly Mogg*.

The Answer to the foregoing Verses.

WHEN to Women you make your Address,
Sirs,
Remember the old Decalogue,
And take Heed that you never transgress, Sirs,
With that beautiful Toast, *Mo'ly Mogg*.

SONG XX.

RING, ring the Bar-bell of the World,
Great *Bacchus* calls for Wine;
Haste, pierce the Globe, its Juices drain,
To whet him ere he dine.

Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,
When first you've poured forth?
The Globe shall cluck, as soon as tapp'd,
To brood such Sons of Worth.

When this World's out, more Worlds we'll have,
Who dare oppose the Call?
If we had twice ten thousand Worlds,
Ere Night we'd drink them all.

See, see our Drawer *Atlas* comes,
His Cask upon his back;
Haste! drink and swill, let's booze amain,
'Till all our Girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
Lest *Time* should go astray;
We'll make *Time* drunk, the rest reply'd,
We Gods can make a Day.

Brave *Hercules*, who took the Hint,
Required *Time* to drink,
And made him gorge such Potions down,
That *Time* forgot to think.

Unthinking *Time* thus overcome,
And nonpluss'd in the Vast,

24 *A Select* COLLECTION

Diffolv'd in the Æthereal World,
Sigh'd languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now *Time's* no more, let's drink away;
Hang flinching, make no Words;
Like true-born Bacchanalian Souls,
We'll get as drunk as Lords.

S O N G XXI.

O H happy, happy Groves,
Witness of our tender Loves;
Oh happy, happy Shade,
Where first our Vows were made!
Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
Looks would charm a *Jove*:
A thousand pretty things she said,
And all was Love.

But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
And forsakes the shady Groves;
When I speak of mutual Joys,
She knows not what I mean:
Wanton Glances, fond Garesses,
Now no more are seen,
Since the false deluding Fair
Left the flow'ry Green.

Mourn ye Nymphs that sporting play'd
Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd,
There the secret Wound she gave,
When I first was made her Slave.

S O N G XXII.

TWAS when the Seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of Wind,
 A Damsel lay deploring,
 All on a Rock reclin'd;
 Wide o'er the foaming Billows
 She cast a wishful Look,
 Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
 That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious Days;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous Lover,
 Why didst thou trust the Seas?
 Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,
 And let my Lover rest:
 Ah! what's thy troubled Motion
 To that within my Breast?

The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,
 Views Tempests in Despair;
 But what's the Loss of Treasure,
 To losing of my Dear?
 Shou'd you some Coast be laid on,
 Where Gold and Di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer Maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

SONG XXIII.

SEE from the silent Grove *Alexis* flies,
 And seeks, with ev'ry pleasing Art,
 To ease the Pain, which lovely Eyes
 Created in his Heart.

To shining Theatres he now repairs,
 To learn *Camilla's* moving Airs,
 While thus to Musick's Pow'r the Swain ad-
 dress'd his Pray'rs.

Charming Sounds that sweetly languish,
Musick, oh compose my Anguish!

Every Passion yields to thee:
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me,
Cupid shall no more deceive me;
I'll to sprightlier Joys be free.

Apollo heard the foolish Swain;
 He knew, when *Daphne* once he lov'd,
 How weak t'assuage an amorous Pain,
 His own harmonious Art had prov'd,
 And all his healing Herbs how vain.
 Then thus he strikes the speaking Strings,
 Preluding to his Voice, and sings:

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee,
Musick is the Voice of Love.

If the tender Maid believe thee,
Soft relenting,
Kind consenting,
Will alone thy Pain remove.

SONG XXIV.

SEE, see, my *Seraphina* comes,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
Look, Gods, from your celestial Domes,
And view her charming Face.

Then search, and see if you can find
In all your sacred Groves,
A Nymph, or Goddess, so divine,
As she whom *Strephon* loves.

SONG XXV.

WHILE *Phillis* is drinking, Love and Wine
in Alliance,

With Forces united bid resistless Defiance;
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles
higher,

And her Eyes by her drinking redouble their Fire.
Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their
Colour,

As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond
curing, [more enduring.

And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame
By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and desiring;
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.

28 *A Select COLLECTION*

Then *Phyllis* begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round;
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

SONG XXVI.

AS *Chloris* full of harmless Thought
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To pass the Time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

Ah! Gods, said she, what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprize?
Oh! let me,——for unless you please,
I have no Pow'r to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply,
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray'd,
And gave her Tongue the Lie.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spite of her Disdain,
She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Thus she, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,

Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.

SONG XXVII.

SEND home my long-stray'd Eyes to me,
Which oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,

Such forc'd Fashions

And false Passions,

That they be

Made by thee

Fit for no good Sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless Heart again,

Which no unworthy Thought could stain;

But if it has been taught by thine

To make Jestings

Of Protestings,

And break both

Word and Oath;

Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my Heart and Eyes,

That I may know and see thy Lies,

And may laugh and joy, when thou

Art in Anguish,

And dost languish

For some one

That will none,

Or prove as false as thou art now.

SONG XXVIII.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
 Thou wert born o'er Men to reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd;
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain:
 Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
 Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread;
 Joys, in Circles, Joys shall meet
 Which way e'er thy Fancy lead.

SONG XXIX.

LIsten all, I pray, to the Words I've to say,
 In Memory sure insert 'em;
 Rich Wines do us raise to the Honour of Bays:
Quem non fecere disertum?
 Of all the brisk Juice which the Gods do produce,
 Claret shall be preferr'd before 'em;
 'Tis Claret shall straight us Mortals create
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.
 We abandon all Ale, and Beer that is stale,
Rosa-solis, and damnable Hum:
 But sparkling Red shall raise up its Head
'Bove omne quod exit in um.
 'This is the Wine, that in former time
 Each wise one of the *Magi*
 Was wont to carouse, in a Chaplet of Boughs,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 31

Let the Hop be their Bane, let a Rope be their
Shame,

Let the Gout and Cholick pine 'em,
That offer to shrink in taking their Drink,
Sen Gracum, five Latinum.

Let the Glass fly about 'till the Bottle is out,
Let each one do as he's done to ;
'Vaunt those that hug th' abominable Jug,
'Mong us *Heteroclitæ sunt.*

There's no such Disease as he that doth please
His Palate with Beer for to shame us ;
'Tis Claret that brings to Fancy its Wings,
And says, *Musa, majora canamus.*

He's either a Mute, or does poorly dispute,
That drinketh not Wine as we Men do ;
The more Wine a Man drinks, like a subtle *Sphinx*,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

How it cheers the Brains, how it warms the Veins,
How against all Croffes it arm us !
How it makes him that's poor courageously roare,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the Boy, my Delight and my Joy,
To my *Tantum* that drinks his Tale ;
By Wine he that waxes, in our *Syntaxis*,
Est Verbum Personale.

Art thou weak or lame, or thy Wits to blame ?
Call for Wine, and thou shalt have it ;
'Twill make thee to rise, and be very wise,
Cui vim natura negavit.

32 *A Select COLLECTION*

We have frolick Rounds, we have merry Go-
downs,

Yet nothing is done at random ;
For when we're to pay, we club and away,
Id est commune notandum.

No Vintners deny the Lads that are dry,
But give 'em Wine whate'er it cost 'em ;
If they do not pay till another Day,
Manet alta mente repositum.

Who ne'er fails to drink all clear from the Brink,
With a smooth and even Swallow,
I'll offer at's Shrine, and call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still, and ne'er has his Fill,
Has a Passage like a Conduit :
Brisk Wine does inspire with Raptures and Fire,
Sic ather athera fundit.

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,
And sily offer to pass ye,
Give their Nose a Twitch, and kick 'em i'th'
Britch,
Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have told ye plain, and will tell ye again,
Be he furious as Orlando,
That he is an Ass that from hence doth pass,
Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.



SONG XXX.

TI S too late for a Coach,
And too soon to reel home:
We've Freedom to stagger
When the Town is our own.

Let's whirl it away,
And whip Six-pence round,
'Till the Drawers are founder'd;
And the Hogheads sound.

The Glass stays with you, Tom,
Save your Tide, pull away,
One Minute at Midnight
Is worth a whole Day.

SONG XXXI.

WH O comes there? stand,
And come before the Constable,
We'll know what you are,
What makes you out so late?
Says the Midnight Magistrate,
With his Noddle full of Ale,
In a wooden Chair of State.

Whence come you, Sir?
And whither do ye go?
You may be a Jesuit, for ought I know.
You may as well, Sir, take me
For a Mahometan.

34 *A Select COLLECTION*

He speaks *Latin*, secure him,
He's a dangerous Man.

To tell you the Truth, Sir,
I am an honest *Tory*;
Here's a Crown to drink,
And there's an End of the Story.

Good-morrow, Sir; a civil Man
Is always welcome:
Go, *Barnaby Bounce*,
Light the Gentleman home:

S O N G XXXII.

✓ **Y**oung *Corydon* and *Phillis*
Sat in a lovely Grove,
Contriving Crowns of Lilies,
Repeating Toys of Love—

But as they were a playing,
She ogled to the Swain,
It sav'd her plainly saying,
Let's kiss to ease our Pain.

A thousand times he kist her,
Laying her on the Green;
But as he farther prest her,
A pretty Leg was seen.

So many Beauties viewing,
His Ardour still encreas'd,
And greater Joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her Breast.

A last Effort she trying,
His Passion to withstand,
Cry'd, but 'twas faintly crying,
Pray take away your Hand.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
The Minutes would improve;
This is the Time, he told her,
To shew you how I love.

The Nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in amorous Heat,
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My Dear, your Love is great.

But *Phillis* did recover
Much sooner than the Swain:
She, blushing, ask'd her Lover,
Shall we not kiss again?

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
'Till Nature at a stand;
From Talk they fell to sleeping,
Holding each other's Hand.

SONG XXXIII.

TO all ye Ladies now at Land
We Men at Sea indite;
But first would have ye understand
How hard it is to write;

The Muses now, and *Neptune* too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fal la, la.

For tho' the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain,
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouse the Wind,
To wave the azure Main,
Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we,
Roul up and down our Ships at Sea.

Then if we write not by each Post,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our Ships are lost
By *Dutchmen*, or by Wind;
Our Tears we'll send a speedier Way,
The Tide shall bring them twice a Day.

The King with Wonder and Surprise
Will swear the Seas grow bold,
Because the Tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of old.
But let him know, it is our Tears
Bring Floods of Grief to *Whitehall* Stairs.

Shou'd foggy *Opdam* chance to know
Our sad and dismal Story,
The *Dutch* would scorn so weak a Foe,
And quit their Fort at *Goree*;
For what Resistance can they find
From Men who've left their Hearts behind?

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,
 No Sorrow we shall find;
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.

To pass our tedious Hours away,
 We throw a merry Main;
 Or else at serious *Ombre* play;
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's Ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you!

But now our Fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our Hopes away,
 Whilst you, regardless of our Woe,
 Sit careless at a Play;
 Perhaps permit some happier Man
 To kiss your Hand, or flirt your Fan.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
 That dies in ev'ry Note,
 As if it sigh'd with each Man's Care,
 For being so remote,
 Think then how often Love we've made
 To you, when all those Tunes were play'd.

In Justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our Distress,

38 *A Select* COLLECTION

When we for Hopes of Honour lose
 Our certain Happiness;
 All those Designs are but to prove
 Our selves more worthy of your Love.
 And now we've told you all our Loves,
 And likewise all our Fears;
 In Hopes this Declaration moves
 Some Pity for our Tears;
 Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at Sea.

S O N G XXXIV.

2 **C**ome, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,
 The Son in Haste
 Drives to the West;
 With Sports conclude the Day.
 Let every Man chuse out his Lads,
 And then salute her on the Grass;
 And when you find
 She's coming kind,
 Let not that Moment pass.

C H O R U S.

We'll toss off our Bowls to true Love and Honour,
To all kind loving Girls and the Lord of the Manor.
 At Night when round the Hall we're sat
 With good brown Bowls
 To cher our Souls,
 And raise a merry Chat;
 When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,
 And Jokes about the Table fly;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 39

Then we retreat,
And that repeat
Which all would gladly try.
Let lazy great ones of the Town,
Drink Night away,
And sleep all Day,
'Till Gouty they are grown :
Our nightly Sports such Vigour give,
That often times we do revive,
And kiss our Dames
With stronger Flames
Than any Prince alive.

SONG XXXV.

THIS great World is a Trouble,
Where all must their Fortunes bear;
Make the most of the Bubble,
You'll have but Neighbours Fare.
Let not Jealousy tease ye,
Think of nought but to please ye;
What's past, 'tis but in vain
For Mortals to wish again.

When dull Cares do attack ye,
Drinking will those Clouds repel;
Four full Bottles will make ye
Happy, they seldom fail.
If a Fifth should be wanted;
Ask the Gods, 'twill be granted;

40 *A Select COLLECTION*

Thus with Ease you'll obtain
A Remedy for all Pain.

S O N G XXXVI.

DO not ask me, Charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this Bank of Pinks and Lilies,
And of Roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty
Of those Flow'rs that crown the Spring;
'Tis to——but I know my Duty,
And I dare not name the thing.

'Tis, at worst, but her denying,
Why should I thus fearful be?
Ev'ry Moment, swiftly flying,
Smiles, and says, make use of me.

What the Sun does to those Roses,
While the Beams play gently in,
I would——but my Fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it;
Ask my Eyes, or ask your own;
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lilies,
Might I speak what I would do;
I wou'd with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd; I wou'd——ah! wou'd you?

SONG XXXVII.

YOU meaner Beauties of the Night,
 Who poorly satisfy our Eyes,
 More with your Number than your Light,
 Like common People of the Skies,
 What are you when the Moon doth rise ?

You Violets, that first appear,
 By your fine Purple Mantles known,
 Like the proud Virgins of the Year,
 As if the Spring were all your own ;
 What are you when the Rose is blown ?

You warbling Chanters of the Wood,
 Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays,
 Thinking your Passion's understood
 By meaner Accents ; what's your Praise,
 When *Philomel* her Voice doth raise ?

You glorious Trifles of the East,
 Whose Estimation Fancies raise,
 Pearls, Rubies, Sapphires, and the rest
 Of glitt'ring Gems ; What is your Praise,
 When the bright Di'mond shews his Rays ?

So when my Princess shall be seen
 In Beauty of her Face and Mind,
 By Virtue first, then Choice, a Queen ;
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' Eclipse and Glory of her Kind ?

42 *A Select* COLLECTION

The Rose, the Violet, the whole Spring,
 Unto her Breath for Sweetness run,
 The Di'mond's darken'd in the Ring,
 If she appear, the Moon's undone,
 As in the Presence of the Sun.

SONG XXXVIII.

TO Friend and to Foe,
 And to all that I know,
 That to Marriage Estate do prepare;
 Remember your Days
 In their several Ways
 Are Trouble, with Sorrow and Care.

For he that doth look
 In the marry'd Man's Book,
 And reads but the *Items* all over,
 Shall find them to come
 At length to a Sum,
 Shall empty Purse, Pocket and Coffer.

In the Pastimes of Love,
 When their Labour doth prove,
 And the Kinchin beginneth to kick,
 For this and for that,
 And I know not for what,
 The Woman must have, or be sick.

There's *Item* set down,
 For a loose-body'd Gown,
 In her Longing you must not deceive her;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 43

For a Bodkin, a Ring,
And the other fine thing,
For a Cornet and Lace to be braver.

Deliver'd and well,
Who is it can't tell,
That while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's *Item* for Wine,
'Mong Gossips so fine,
And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple.

There's *Item*, I hope,
For Starch and for Soap,
There's *Item* for Fire and Candle,
For better for worse,
There's *Item* for Nurse,
The Baby to dress and to dandle.

When swaddled in Lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pans and Ladle ;
A Coral with Bells,
Which Custom compels,
And *Item* a Crown for a Cradle.

With Twenty odd Knacks,
Which the little one lacks,
And thus doth thy Pleasure betray thee :
Yet this is the Sport,
In Country and Court ;
Then let not the Charges-dismay thee.



SONG XXXIX.

THere lives a Lass upon the Green,
 Could I her Picture draw,
 A brighter Nymph was never seen,
 She looks and reigns a little Queen,
 And keeps the Swains in Awe.

Her Eyes are *Cupid's* Darts and Wings,
 Her Eye-brows are his Bow,
 Her silken Hair the Silver Strings,
 Which swift and sure Destruction brings
 To all the Vale below.

If *Pastorella's* Dawn of Light
 Can warm and wound us so,
 Her Noon must be so piercing bright,
 Each glancing Beam would kill outright,
 And ev'ry Swain subdue.

SONG XL.

MY Name is honest *Harry*,
 And I love little *Mary*,
 In spite of *Ciss*, or jealous *Bess*,
 I'll have my own *Fegary*.

My Love is blithe and bucksome,
 And sweet and fine as can be,
 Fresh and gay as the Flow'rs in *May*,
 And looks like *Jack-a-Dandy*.

And if she will not have me,
That am so true a Lover,
I'll drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
And down the Stairs I'll shove her.

But if that she will love, Sir,
I'll be as kind as may be,
I'll give her Rings, and pretty Things,
And deck her like a Lady.

Her Petticoat of Sattin,
Her Gown of crimson Tabby,
Lac'd up before, and spangl'd o'er,
Just like a *Barthol'mew* Baby.

Her Waistcoat shall be scarlet,
With Ribbans ty'd together;
Her Stockings of a cloudy Blue,
And her Shoes of *Spanish* Leather.

Her Smock of finest Holland,
And lac'd in ev'ry Quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her Garter.

Then to the Church I'll have her,
Where we will wed together,
And so come home when we have done,
Inspight of Wind and Weather.

The Fiddlers shall attend us,
And first play *John come kiss me*,
And when that we have danc'd around,
Then strike up *Hit or miss me*.

46 *A Select* COLLECTION

Then hey for little *Mary*,
 'Tis she I love alone, Sir,
 Let any Man do what he can,
 I will have her, or none, Sir.

S O N G XLI.

Pretty Parrot say, when I was away,
 And in dull Absence pass'd the Day,
 What at home was doing :
 With Chat and Play
 We are gay,
 Night and Day,
 Good Cheer and Mirth renewing ;
 Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty *Poll*.
 Was no Fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
 And like a saucy Lover wou'd
 Court and tease my Lady :
 A thing you know,
 Made for Shew,
 Call'd a Beau;
 Near her was always ready :
 Ever at her Call, like pretty pretty *Poll*.
 Tell me with what Air he approach'd the Fair,
 And how she cou'd with Patience bear
 All he did and utter'd :
 He still address'd,
 Still caress'd,
 Kiss'd and press'd ;
 Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd and flutter'd ;
 Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty *Poll*.

Did he go away, at the close of Day,
Or did he ever use to stay
In a Corner dodging :
The want of Light,
When 'twas Night,
Spoil'd my Sight ;
But I believe his Lodging
Was within her Call, like pretty pretty Poll.

SONG XLII.

A Trifling Song you shall hear,
Begun with a *Trifle*, and ended :
All *trifling* People draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for *Trifles* a few,
That lately have come into Play,
The *Men* would want something to do,
And the *Women* want something to say.

What makes Men *trifle* in dressing ?
Because the Ladies, they know,
Admire, by often possessing,
That eminent *Trifle* a *Bean*.

When the Lover his Moments has *trifled*,
The *Trifle* of *Trifles* to gain,
No sooner the Virgin is rifled,
But a *Trifle* shall part them again.

What mortal Man would be able
At *White's* half an Hour to sit ?

48 *A Select COLLECTION*

Or who could bear a Tea-Table,
Without talking *Trifles* for Wit?

The Court is from *Trifles* secure,
Gold Keys are no *Trifles*, we see;
White Rods are no *Trifles*, I'm sure,
Whatever their *Bearers* may be.

But if you will go to the Place,
Where *Trifles* abundantly breed,
The *Levee* will shew you his *Grace*
Makes Promises *Trifles* indeed.

A Coach with Six Footmen behind
I count neither *Trifle* nor *Sin*,
But, ye Gods, how oft do we find
A scandalous *Trifle* within?

A Flask of *Champaign*, People think it
A *Trifle*, or something as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no *Trifle* by *Gad*.

A Parson's a *Trifle* at Sea,
A Widow's a *Trifle* in Sorrow;
A Peace is a *Trifle* to Day,
Who knows what may happen to morrow?

A Black-Coat a *Trifle* may cloak,
Or to hide it a *Red* may endeavour:
But if once the Army is broke,
We shall have more *Trifles* than ever.

The Stage is a *Trifle*, they say,
The Reason pray carry along,

Because at every new Play,
 The House they with *Trifles* so throng.
 But with People's Malice to *trifle*,
 And to set us all on a Foot,
 The Author of this is a *Trifle*,
 And his Song is a *Trifle* to boot.

SONG XLIII.

Confound those dull Fools,
 Who, for Coffee or Tea,
 Do fly the Delights
 Of true *Burgundy*.

Hot Water can never
 Dull Humours expel;
 Four our Parts, Boys, let's
 Away to the *Bell*.

To our Mistresses Healths
 Let's take off our Glasses,
 And laugh at those Tea-drinking
 Politick Asses.

SONG XLIV.

Liberia's all my Thought and Dream,
 She's all my Pleasure and my Pain;
 Liberia's all that I esteem,
 And all I fear is her Disdain.

50 *A Select* COLLECTION

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,

Please beyond all I felt before ;

Oh ! why can't I admire her less,

Or dear *Liberia* love me more ?

Like Stars, all other Female Charms

Ne'er touch my Heart, but feast mine Eyes,

For she's the only Sun that warms,

With her alone I'd live and die.

Immortal Pow'rs, whose Work divine

Inspires my Soul with so much Love,

Grant your *Liberia* may be mine,

And then I share your Joys above.

S O N G XLV.

G Hosts of ev'ry Occupation,

Ev'ry Rank, and ev'ry Nation,

Some with Crimes all foul and spotted,

Some to happier Fates allotted,

Press the *Stygian* Lake to pass.

Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,

Prates of Wenches, Wine and Plunder :

Statesmen here the Times accusing ;

Poets Sense for Rhimes abusing :

Lawyers chatt'ring,

Courtiers flatt'ring,

Bullies ranting,

Zealots canting,

Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Class !

of ENGLISH SONGS. 51
SONG XLVI.

Man. A H lovely Nymph! the World's on Fire:
Veil, veil those cruel Eyes,

Wom. The World may then in Flames expire,
And boast that so it dies.

Man. But when all Mortals are destroy'd,
Who then shall sing your Praise?

Wom. Those who are fit to be employ'd;
The Gods shall Altars raise:

SONG XLVII.

T H U S *Damon* knock'd at *Calia's* Door,
The Sign was so:

She answer'd, no,

No, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd;

No, *Damon*, no, I am afraid;

Consider, *Damon*, I'm a Maid:

Consider,

No;

I'm a Maid,

No, &c.

At last his Sighs and Tears made way,

She rose, and softly turn'd the Key:

Come in, said she, but do not stay;

I may conclude,

You will be rude,

But if you are, you may.

SONG XLVIII.

Young *Philoret* and *Calia* met
 In an old shady Grove,
 The Nymph was coy,
 The amorous Boy
 Still sigh'd, and talk'd of Love.
 He prais'd her Face, her Air, her Grace,
 Her lovely charming Mien,
 And swore she was the brightest Lass
 That tripp'd it on the Green.
 With artful Tongue the Shepherd sung,
 And told a melting Tale;
 But all his Art
 Cou'dn't touch her Heart,
 Nor all his Skill prevail.
 Th' insulting Fair, with scornful Air,
 Still mock'd the love-sick Swain,
 And while he sigh'd,
 She still reply'd,
 She'd Pleasure in his Pain.

SONG XLIX.

AS I beneath a Myrtle Shade lay musing,
Silvia the Fair, in mournful Sounds,
 Venting her Grief, the Air thus wounds;
 O, God of Love, cease to torment me,

Send to my Aid some gentle Swain,
 Whose Balm apply'd, may ease my Pain.
 Aloud I cry'd, and all the Grove resounded;
 Heavenly Nymph, complain no more,
 Love does thy wish'd-for Peace restore;
 And sends a gentle Swain to ease thee,
 In whom a longing Maid may find
 A Balm to cure her love-sick Mind.
 She blush'd, and sigh'd, and push'd the Med'cine
 from her,
 Which still the more increas'd her Pain;
 Finding at length she strove in vain,
 © Love, she cry'd, I must obey thee,
 Who can the raging Smart endure?
 Then suck'd the Balm, and found a Cure.

S O N G L.

Young *Cupid* one Day wily,
 With well dissembled Art,
 Let fly an Arrow slily,
 And pierc'd me to the Heart:

A while I sigh'd, grew stupid;
 But, to quit Scores with *Cupid*,
 I found a Way, which soon I'll try,
 Since Reason takes my Part,
 I'll steal away his Arrows,
 And sweet Revenge pursue;

54 *A Select COLLECTION*

With Womens Hearts I'll head 'em,
And then they'll ne'er fly true.

S O N G L I.

YE Lads and ye Lasses that live at *Longleat*,
Where they say, there's no End of good
Drink and good Meat,
Where the Poor fill their Bellies, the Rich receive
Honour,
So great and so good is the Lord of the Manour.

Ye Nymphs and ye Swains that inhabit the Place,
Give Ear to my Song of a Fiddle's hard Case;
For it is of a Fiddle, a sweet Fiddle I sing,
A softer and sweeter did never wear String.

Melpomene, lend me the Aid of thy Art,
Whilst I the sad Fate of this Fiddle impart;
For never had Fiddle a Fortune so bad,
Which shews the best things the worst Fortune
have had.

This Fiddle of Fiddles, when it came to be try'd,
Was as sweet as a Lark, and as soft as a Bride:
This Fiddle to see, and its Musick to hear,
Gave Delight to the Eye, while it ravish'd the Ear.

But first I must sing of this Fiddle's Country,
'Twas born and 'twas bred in fair *Italy*:
In a Town where a Marshal of *France* had the hap,
(*Fortune de la guerre*) to be caught in a Trap.

And now, having sung of this Fiddle's high Birth,
I shou'd sing of the Fingers which made so much
Mirth ;

But Fingers so strait, so swift, and so small,
Should be sung by a Poet, or not sung at all.

Tho' I am, God wot, but a poor Country Swain,
And cannot indite in so lofty a Strain ;
So all I can say is to tell you once more, (fore-
Such Hands and such Fingers were ne'er seen be-
Having sung of the Fingers and Fiddle, I trow,
You'll hold it but meet I should sing of the Bow ;
The Bow it was Ebón, whose Virtue was such,
It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

Cupid fain wou'd have chang'd with this Bow
for a while ;

To which the coy Nymph thus reply'd, with a
Smile,

My Bow is far better than yours, I appeal:
Your's only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

This Fiddle and Bow, and its Musick together,
Wou'd make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather :
But alas ! when I shall its Catastrophe sing,
Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you
will wring.

This Fiddle was laid on a soft easy Chair,
Taking all for its Friends its soft Musick did
hear ;

When strait there came in a huge masculine Bum,
I wish the De'il had it to make him a Drum.

56 *A Select COLLECTION*

Now woe to the Bum that this Fiddle demolish'd,
That has all our Musick and Pastime abolish'd :
May it never want Birch, to be switch'd and be-
flash'd,

May it ever be itching, and never be scratch'd.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick so grie-
vous,

A Penance too small for a Crime so mischievous;
Ne'er find a soft Cushion its Anguish to ease,
While all this is too little my Wrath to appease.

Of other Bum-scrapes may it still bear the Blame,
Ne'er shew its bare Face without Sorrow or
Shame:

May it ne'er mount on Horse-back without Loss
of Leather,

Which brings me almost to the end of my Tether.

And now, lest some Critick of deep Penetration
Shou'd attack our poor Ballad with grave Anne-
tation;

The Fop must be told, without speaking in
Riddle,

He must first make a better, or kiss my Bumfiddle;

S O N G L I I.

WITH-tuneful Pipe and merry Glee
Young Jocky won my Heart;
A blyther Loon you ne'er did see,
All Beauty without Art:

His soothing Tale did soon prevail

To gain my fond Belief;

But now the Swain roves o'er the Plain,

And leaves me full of Grief.

Young *Femmy* courts with artful Song,

But few regard his Moan;

The Lassies about *Focky* throng,

And *Femmy's* left alone:

In *Aberdeen* sure ne'er was seen

A Loon that gave such Pain;

He daily woes, and still pursues,

'Till he does all obtain.

But 'soon as he hath gain'd the Bliss.

Away the Loon doth run,

And hardly will afford a Kiss

To silly me undone:

Bonny *Molly*, *Moggy*, *Dolly*,

Avoid my roving Swain;

His wily Tongue before you shun,

Or you, like me will be undone.

SONG LIII.

'T WAS within a Furlong of *Edinburgh*
Town,

In the rosie time of Year, when the Grass was
down,

Bonny *Focky*, blithe and gay,

Said to *Fenny*, making Hay,

Let us sit a little, Dear, and prattle,

'Tis a sultry Day.

58 *A Select COLLECTION*

Long had he courted the black-brow'd Maid;
But *Jocky* was a Wag, and wou'd ne'er consent
to wed:

Which made her pish and phoo,
And cry it ne'er shall do;

I canna, canna, canna, wonna, wonna buckle to.

He told her Marriage was grown a meer Joke,
And that none wedded now, but the scoundrel
folk.

Yet my Dear, thou should'st prevail,
But I know not what I ail,
I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs
With Bottles at their Tail.

But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pretty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the
If thou ne'er wilt pish and phoo, [Air,
And cry it ne'er shall do,

I canna, canna, canna, wonna, wonna buckle to.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,
But ah! what in Return must your poor *Fenny*
When my Maiden Treasure's gone, [give?

I must gang to *London Town*,
And roar and rant, and patch and paint,
And kifs for half a Crown:

Each drunken Bully oblige for pay,
And earn an hated Living an odious fulsom way:

No, no, it ne'er shall do,
For a Wife I'll be to you,

Or I canna, canna, canna, wonna, wonna buckle
to.

SONG LIV.

FROM roſie Bowers, where ſleeps the God of
Love,

Hither ye little waiting *Cupids* fly ;
Teach me in ſoft melodious Song to move,
With tender Paſſion my Heart's darling Joy:
Ah! let the Soul of Muſick tune my Voice,
To win dear *Strephon*, who my Soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a Step and a Bound,
And a Frisk from the Ground,

I'll trip like any Fairy.
As once on *Ida* dancing
Were three celeftial Bodies,
With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape and a Grace,
I'll charm like Beauty's Goddeſs.

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
Death and Deſpair muſt end the fatal Pain ;
Cold Deſpair, diſguis'd like Froſt and Snow and
Rain,
Falls on my Breaſt ; bleak Winds in Tempeſts
blow,
My Veins all ſhiver, and my Fingers glow.
My Pulse beats a dead March for loſt Repoſe,
And to a ſolid Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart
is froze.

Or ſay, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
Shall I thaw my ſelf, or drown

60 *A Select* COLLECTION

Amongst the foaming Billows,
Increasing all with Tears I shed
On Beds of Ooze, and chrystal Pillows,
Lay down my love-sick Head.

No, no, I'll strait run mad,
That soon my Heart will warm;
When once the Sense is fled,
Love has no Pow'r to charm;
Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly;
Robes, Locks shall thus be tore,
A thousand Deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in vain adore.

SONG LV.

Grim King of the Ghosts make haste,
And bring hither all your Train;
See how the pale Moon does waste,
And just now is in the Wain:
Come ye Night-hags with your Charms,
And revelling Witches away,
And hug me close in your Arms,
To you my Respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
Since Love does distract my Brain;
I'll go, and I'll wed the Night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again;
But if she proves peevish and proud,
A Pize on her Love, let her go;

I'll seek me a winding Shroud,
And down to the Shades below.

A Lunacy I endure
Since Reason departs away,
I call to those Hags for Cure,
As knowing not what I say ;

The Beauty whom I adore,
Now flights me with Scorn and Disdain,
I never shall see her more,
Ah ! how shall I bear my Pain ?

I ramble and range about,
To find out my charming Saint,
While she at my Grief does frown,
And laughs at my loud Complaint :
Distraction I see is my Doom,
Of this I am too too sure ;
A Rival is got in my Room,
While Torments I do endure.

Strange Fancies do run in my Head,
While, wandering in Despair,
I am to the Defart led,
Expecting to find her there :
Methinks in a spangled Cloud
I see her enthron'd on high,
Then to her I cry aloud,
And labour to reach the Sky.

When thus I have rav'd a while,
And weary'd my self in vain,

62 *A Select COLLECTION*

I lie on the barren Soil,
And bitterly do complain;
Till Slumber hath quieted me,
In Sorrow I sigh and weep,
The Clouds are my Canopy,
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming Fair,
Is then in my Rival's Bed,
Whose Tresses of golden Hair
Are on the fair Pillow spread:
Then this does my Passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie;
Ah! *Silvia*, art thou not to blame
To ruin a Lover, I cry?

Grim King of the Ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing Life to you
A Tribute I freely pay;
To th' *Elysian* Shades I post,
In Hopes to be freed from Care,
Where many a bleeding Ghost
Is hovering in the Air.

SONG LVI.

She. **G**O, go, you vile Sot!
Quit your Pipe and your Pot;
Get home to your Stall and be doing:

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 63

You puzzle your Pate
With Matters of State,
And play with Edge-tools to your Ruin.

He. Keep in that shrill Note,
Or I'll ram down your Throat
This red-hot black Pipe I am smoaking;
Thou Plague of my Life!
Thou Gipsy! thou Wife!
How dar'st thou thy Lord be provoking?

She. You riot and roar
For Babylon's Whore,
And give up your Bible and Psalter:
I pr'ythee, dear Kit,
Have a little more Wit,
And keep thy Neck out of the Halter.

He. Nay, pr'ythee, sweet Joan,
Now let me alone
To follow this princely Vocation:
I mean to be great,
In spite of my Fate,
And settle my self and the Nation.

She. Go, go, you vile Sot!

He. I matter thee not.

She. Was ever poor Woman so slighted?

He. Thy Fortune is made!

She. Go follow your Trade.

He. I tell thee, I mean to be Knighted.

She. A Whipping-Post Knight!

He. Get out of my Sight

64 *A Select COLLECTION*

She. Thou Traytor, thou! mark thy sad Ending,
He. I'll new vamp the State;
 The Church I'll translate:
 Old Shoes are no more worth the mending.

S O N G LVII.

YE Nymphs, who frequent those sweet Plains,
 Where *Thame's* gentle Current doth glide;
 Who, whilom, have heard my glad Strains,
 Nor grateful Attention deny'd:
 With Pity, ye Fair, oh! reflect
 On the cruel Reserve of my Fate!
 See Constancy paid with Neglect,
 And Fondness rewarded with Hate!
 How joyous and gay was each Hour,
 How wing'd with soft Pleasure they fled;
 Ere shipwreck'd on *Humber's* dull Shore,
 By Love my poor Heart was betray'd:
 For there the Deceiver doth dwell,
 Whose Charms have so long been my Theme;
 In Beauty the Maid doth excel,
 But is fickle and wild as the Stream.
 If averse to my Courtship at first,
 She had check'd my fond infant Desire,
 Her Coldness had left me less curst,
 And, perhaps, had extinguish'd my Fire;
 But a thousand false Arts she employ'd,
 (Ingenious and wanton in Ill)

of ENGLISH SONGS. 65

The Passion she nurs'd, she destroy'd,
And only created to kill.

Yet tho' she delights in my Smart,
Tho' she robs me of all I held dear,
Revenge is below a brave Heart,
I wish her a Lot less severe:
May the Swain she shall crown with Success,
By his Kindness deserve to be priz'd;
'Twou'd double, methinks, my Distress,
At last to see her too despis'd.

SONG LVIII.

HAste my Rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous Journey thro' this dreary
Waste:

Haste, my Rain-deer, still, still thou art too slow,
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning's Haste.

Around us far the rushy Moors are spread:

Soon will the Sun withdraw its chearful Ray;
Darkling and tir'd we shall the Marshes tread,
No Lay unsung to cheat the tedious Way.

The wat'ry Length of these unjoyous Moors

Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride excel;
Thro' these I fly to her my Soul adores;

Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pride! farewell.

Each Moment from the Charmer I'm confin'd,

My Breast is tortur'd with impatient Fires:

66 *A Select* COLLECTION

Fly, my Rain-deer, fly swifter than the Wind;
Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Desires.

Our pleasing Toil will then be soon o'er-paid,
And thou, in Wonder lost, shalt view the Fair,
Admire each Feature of the lovely Maid,
Her artless Charms, her Bloom, her sprightly
Air.

But lo! with graceful Motion there she swims,
Gently removing each ambitious Wave;
The crowding Waves transported clasp her Limbs
When, when, oh when shall I such Freedom
have!

In vain, you envious Streams, so fast ye flow,
To hide her from a Lover's ardent Gaze:
From ev'ry Touch you more transparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous Wanton plays.

S O N G LIX.

CHLOE be kind, no more perplex me,
Slight not my Love at such a Rate;
Should I your Scorn return, 'twould vex ye;
Love, much abus'd, will turn to Hate.

How can you, lovely charming Creature,
Put on the Looks of cold Disdain?
Women were first design'd by Nature
To give a Pleasure, not a Pain:

of ENGLISH SONGS. 67

Kindness creates a Flame that's lasting,
When other Charms are fled away;
Think on the Time we now are wasting,
Throw off those Frowns, and Love obey.

S O N G L X.

W Ou'd you chuse a Wife, for a happy Life,
Leave the Court, and the Country take;
Where Dolly and Sue, young Molly and Prue,
Follow Roger and John, whilst Harvest goes on;
And merrily, merrily rake.

Leave the *London* Dames, be it spoke to their
To lig in their Beds 'till Noon: [Shames,
Then get up and stretch, then paint too and patch,
Some Widgeon to catch, then look on their Watch,
And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then Coffee and Tea, both Green and Bohea,
Are serv'd to their Table in Plate;
Where their Tattles do run as swift as the Sun,
Of what they have won, and who is undone,
By their Gaming and sitting up late.

The Lads give me here, tho' brown as my Beer,
That knows how to govern her House;
That can milk her Cow, or farrow her Sow,
Make Butter or Cheese, or gather green Pease,
And values fine Clothes not a Louse.

68 *A Select COLLECTION*

This, this is the Girl, worth Rubies and Pearl,
 This the Wife that will make a Man rich :
 We Gentlemen need no Quality Breed,
 To squander away what Taxes wou'd pay ;
 In troth, we care for none such.

S O N G L X I.

A H! whither, whither shall I fly,
 A poor unhappy Maid ?
 To hopeless Love and Misery
 By my own Heart betray'd :
 Not by *Alexis*' Eyes undone,
 Nor by his charming faithless Tongue;
 Or any practis'd Art:
 Such real Ills may hope a Cure,
 But the sad Pains which I endure,
 Proceed from fancy'd Smart.
 'Twas Fancy gave *Alexis* Charms,
 Ere I beheld his Face:
 Kind Fancy then could fold our Arms,
 And form a soft Embrace:
 But since I've seen the real Swain,
 And try'd to fancy him again,
 I'm by my Fancy taught,
 Tho' 'tis a Bliss no Tongue can tell,
 To have *Alexis*, yet 'tis Hell
 To have him but in Thought.

SONG LXII.

I ANTHE the lovely, the Joy of her Swain,
By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again;
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
Their Pleasure was equal, and equal their Care;
No Time, no Enjoyment, their Dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd, still the sonder they grew.

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain.

Some swore 'twould be Pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other were made;
But all, all consented, that none ever knew
A Nymph yet so kind, or a Shepherd so true.

Love saw them with Pleasure, and vow'd to take
Care

Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair,
What either did want, he bid either to move;
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love;
Said 'twas all that to bless 'em his Godhead could
do,

That they still might be kind, and they still
might be true.

SONG LXIII.

THE Groves, the Plains,
The Nymphs, the Swains,
The Silver Stream, and cooling Shade,

All, all declare how false you are,
How many Hearts you have betray'd.

Dissembler go,

Too well I know,

Your fatal, false, deluding Art;

To every she, as well as me,

You make an Off'ring of your Heart.

SONG LXIV.

ON *Belvidera's* Bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,

The cold regardless Maid to move,

With unavailing Pray'rs I sue:

" You first have taught me how to love,

" Ah, teach me to be happy too!

But she, alas! unkindly wise;

To all my Sighs and Tears replies,

" 'Tis ev'ry prudent Maid's Concern,

" Her Lover's Fondness to improve;

" If to be happy you shall learn,

" You quickly would forget to love.

SONG LXV.

YOung I am, and yet unskill'd

How to make a Lover yield:

How to keep, or how to gain;

When to love, and when to feign.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 711

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my Soul disguise,
Heave my Breasts, and roul my Eyes.
Stay not till I learn the Way,
How to lie and to betray:
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love, and full of Truth;
Brisk, and of a janty Mien,
I shou'd long to be fifteen.

SONG LXVI.

OF all the simple things we do
To rub over a whimsical Life,
There's no one Folly is so true
As that very bad Bargain a Wife;
We're just like a Mouse in a Trap,
Or Vermin caught in a Ginn,
We sweat and fret, and try to escape,
And curse the sad Hour we came in.
I gam'd, and drank, and play'd the Fool;
And a Thousand mad Frolicks more;
I rov'd and rang'd, despis'd all Rule,
But I never was marry'd before:
This was the worst Plague cou'd ensue,
I'm mew'd in a smoaky House;

72 *A Select* COLLECTION

I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,
 But now 'ris small Beer with my Spouse.
 My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,
 And I never was vex'd in my Way;
 If now I cross her Will, her Voice
 Makes my Lodging too hot for my Stay:
 Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain
 I fret at my Heart and Soul;
 Walk to and fro the Length of my Chain,
 Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole.

S O N G LXVII.

Here's to thee, my Boy,
 My Darling, my Joy,
 For a Toper I love as my Life;
 Who ne'er baulks his Glass,
 Nor cries, like an Ass,
 To go home to his Mistress or Wife:

But heartily quaffs,
 Sings Catches, and laughs,
 All the Night he looks jovial and gay;
 When Morning appears,
 Then homeward he steers,
 To snore out the rest of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,
 The Griefs, or the Fears,
 That the sober too often attend;

Nor knows he a Loss,
Disturbance, or Cross,
Save the Want of his Bottle and Friend.

S O N G LXVIII.

EV'ry Man take a Glass in his Hand,
And drink a good Health to our King:
Many Years may he rule o'er this Land,
May his Laurels for ever fresh spring;
Let Wrangling and Jangling straitway cease,
Let ev'ry Man strive for his Country's Peace:

Neither *Tory* nor *Whigg*
With their Parties look big:
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical Name
That proves a Man loyal and just;
Let him fight for his Country's Fame,
Be impartial at home, if in Trust:
'Tis this that proves him an honest Soul,
His Health we will drink in a brim-full Bowl:
Then leave off all Debate,
No Confusion create;
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

When a Company's honestly met,
With Intent to be merry and gay,
Their drooping Souls for to whet,
And drown the Fatigues of the Day;
What Madness it is thus to dispute,
When neither Side can his Man confute?

74 *A Select* COLLECTION

When you've said what you dare,
You're but just where you were;
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

Then agree, rash Britons, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a Nick-Name;
Let your Enemies trembling see

That an *Englishman's* always the same:
For our King, our Church, our Laws, and Right,
Let's lay by all Feuds, and strait unite;

Then who need care a Fig
Who's *Tory* or *Whigg*;
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

SONG LXIX.

Come, fair one, be kind,
You never shall find
A Fellow so fit for a Lover;
The World shall view
My Passion for you,
But never your Passion discover.

I still will complain
Of Frowns and Disdain,
Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms;
The World shall declare,
I die with Despair
When only I die in your Arms.

I still will adore,
Love you more and more;
But, by *Jove*, if you chance to prove cruel,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 75

I'll get me a Miss,
That freely will kiss;
Tho' after I drink Water-gruel.

SONG LXX.

SHEPHERD.

HOW blest are Shepherds, how happy their
Lasses,

While Drums and Trumpets are sounding
Alarms!

Over our lowly Sheds all the Storm passes;

And when we die, 'tis in each other's Arms.

All the Day on our Herds, and Flocks employing;

All the Night on our Flutes and Enjoying.

Chor. All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, with Graces attended,

Let not your Days without Pleasure expire;

Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,

All Men will praise you, but none will desire.

Let not Youth fly away without contenting;

Age will come time enough for your repenting,

Chor. Let not Youth, &c.

SHEPHERDESSES.

Shepherd, Shepherd, leave decoying,

Pipes are sweet, a Summer's Day;

But a little after toying,

Women have the Shot to pay.

76 *A Select COLLECTION*

Here are Marriage-Vows for signing ;

Set their Marks that cannot write :

After that, without repining,

Play and welcome, Day and Night.

CHORUS of all.

Come, Shepherds, lead up a lively Measure :

The Cares of Wedlock are Cares of Pleasure :

But whether Marriage brings Joy or Sorrow,

Make sure of this Day, and hang to morrow.

SONG LXXI.

I Go to the *Elysian* Shade,
Where Sorrow ne'er shall wound me ;

Where nothing shall my Rest invade,

But Joy shall still surround me.

Fly from *Calia's* cold Disdain,

From her Disdain I fly ;

She is the Cause of all my Pain,

For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,

When he but half his radiant Course has run ;

When his Meridian Glories gaily shine,

And gild all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,

Which now so full appears ;

Those Streams that do so swiftly glide,

Are nothing but my Tears.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 77

There have I wept, 'till I could weep no more,
And curst mine Eyes when they have shed their
Store;

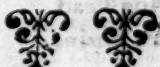
Then, like the Clouds that rob the azure Main,
I've drain'd the Flood, to weep it back again.

Pity my Pains,
Ye gentle Swains;
Cover me with Ice and Snow;
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow:

Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the dismal Shades below:
Where yelling and howling,
And grumbling and growling,
Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.

Hissing Snakes,
Firy Lakes,
Would be a Pleasure and a Cure:
Not all the Hells
Where *Pluto* dwells,
Can give such Pains as I endure.

To some peaceful Plain convey me;
On a mossy Carpet lay me;
Fan me with ambrosial Breeze;
Let me die, and so have Ease.



SONG LXXII.

IF any so wise is,
 That Sack he despises,
 Let him drink his small Beer and be sober;
 Whilst we drink Wine and sing,
 As if it were Spring,
 He shall droop like the Trees in *October*.

But be sure over Night,
 If this Dog do you bite,
 You take it henceforth for a Warning,
 Soon as out of your Bed,
 To settle your Head,
 Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.

And not be so silly,
 To follow old *Lilly*,
 For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us,
 Let his *ne affuescas*
 Be put in his Cap-case,
 And sing *bibito Vinum jejunus*.

SONG LXXIII.

COME all ye jolly *Bacchanals*,
 That love to tope good Wine,
 Let us offer up a Hog'shead
 Unto our Master's Shrine.
 Then let us drink, and never shrink,
 For I'll tell you the Reason why;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 79

'Tis a great Sin to leave a House.
'Till we've drank the Cellar dry.

In Times of old I was a Fool,
I drank the Water clear;
But *Bacchus* took me from that Rule,
He thought 'twas too severe.

He fill'd a Goblet to the Brim,
And bad me take a Sup;
But had it been a Gallon Pot,
By *Jove*, I'd tofs'd it up.

And ever since that happy Time,
Good Wine has been my Cheer;
Now nothing puts me in a Swoon,
But Water or small Beer.

Then let us tope about, my Boys,
And never flinch nor fly,
But fill our Skins brim-full of Wine,
And drein the Bottles dry.

SONG LXXIV.

A *Mintar*, that true-hearted Swain,
Upon a River's Bank was laid,
Where to the pitying Streams he did complain
Of *Silvia*, that false charming Maid;
But she was still regardless of his Pain:
Oh faithless *Silvia*! would he cry,
And what he said, the *Echo* would reply,

80 *A Select* COLLECTION

" Be kind, or else I die. E. I die.

" Be kind, or else I die. E. I die.

A Shower of Tears his Eyes let fall,
Which in the River made Impress,
Then sigh'd, and *Silvia* false again wou'd call;

Ah! cruel faithless Shepherdess,
Is Love with you, become a Criminal?

Ah! lay aside this needless Scorn,
Allow your poor Adorer some Return;

" Consider how I burn. E. I burn.

" Consider, &c.

Those Smiles and Kisses which you gave,
Remember, *Silvia*, are my Due;

And all the Joys my Rival does receive,
He ravishes from me, not you.

Ah! *Silvia*, can I live and this believe?

Insensibles are touch'd to see

My Languishments, and seem to pity me.

" Which I demand of thee. E. Of thee?

" Which I demand, &c.

S O N G LXXV.

WHat State of Life can be so blest,
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast?
Two Souls in one, the same Desire
To grant the Bliss, and to require;
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,

'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

All other Ills, tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect Love:
In Absence, or unkind Disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain:

But ah, no Cure but Death we find,
To set us free
From Jealousie:
O Jealousie, &c.

False in thy Glass all Objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the Fire of endless Night,
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light.
All Torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousie, &c.

S O N G LXXVI.

THere is one dark and sullen Hour
Which Fate decrees our Lives should know;
Else we should slight th'almighty Pow'r,
Wrapt in the Joy we find below:
Tis past, dear Cynthia, now let Frowns be gone,
Along, long Penance I have done.
For Crimes, alas! to me unknown.

82 A Select COLLECTION

In each soft Hour of silent Night
 Your Image in my Dream appears,
 I grasp the Soul of my Delight,
 Slumber in Joys, but wake in Tears.
 Ah! faithless, charming Saint, what will you do?
 Let me not think I am by you
 Lov'd less for being true.

SONG LXXVII.

I N Country Quarters still confin'd,
 From *Berwick* I do write;
 Why can't my Body, like my Mind,
 To *Silvia* take its flight?
 Oh, *Silvia*, if a Wish could do,
 My Soul should quarter soon with you.

Whilst I stay here, my love-sick Heart
 With you is left behind;
 Alas! why should our Bodies part,
 Since both our Souls are join'd?
 My Body to my Prince is due,
 My Soul its Orders takes from you.

My blooming Hopes of seeing you
 Are wither'd in their Prime;
 Confin'd to stay for a Review;
 Oh, why was this the Time!
 For what's a dull Review to me,
 If *Silvia* is not there to see?

When heavy Beat of dull *Tattoo*
 Commands the Soldier home;
 The Hopes I have to dream on you
 Gives Musick to the Drum;
 Next Morning with the *Reveillé*,
 I only wake to think on thee.

S O N G LXXVIII.

Remember, *Damon*, you did tell,
 In Chastity you lov'd me well;
 But now, alas! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my Moan.

To doleful Shade I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken Nymphs are seen
 In lonely Walks of Willow green.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue
 Such soft persuasive Language hung,
 That when his Words had silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an Angel spoke.

Too happy Nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he;
 For, oh! I fear it to my Cost,
 She's found the Heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest Flow'r on Earth,
 A Snake may hide, to take its Birth:
 So his false Breast, conceal it did
 His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.

'Tis false, who says we happy are,
 Since Men delight our Hearts t' ensnare:
 In Man no Woman can be blest,
 Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a Jest.

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,
 Send me my *Damon*, or Relief:
 Return that wild delicious Boy,
 Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy.

But whilst I'm begging of this Bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer this,
 When *Damon* has enjoy'd, he flies;
 Who sees him, loves; who loves him, dies.

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove;
 But is a Witness of my Love;
Echo repeats my plaintive Moans,
 The Waters imitate my Groans,
 The Trees their bending Boughs recline,
 And droop their Heads, as I do mine.

SONG LXXIX.

TO Beauty devoted,
 Expecting, desiring,
 With Passion expiring,
 I serve the blind Boy:

Yet ever contented,
 So easy the Chain is,
 So pleasing the Pain is,
 I serve him with Joy.

SONG LXXX.

AT Noon in a sun-shiny Day,
The brighter Lady of the May,
Young *Chloris*, innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a Shade.

Each slender Finger plaid its Part
With such Activity and Art,
As would inflame a youthful Heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain by chance came by,
He saw no Anger in her Eye;
Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have seem'd afraid.

She let her Iv'ry Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twist'd Ball:
But strait gave *Strepson* such a Call
As wou'd have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free;
By so much Truth and Modesty
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy Head upon my Lap,
While thy smooth Cheeks I stroak and clap;
Thou may'st securely take a Nap:
Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

NUMB. II.

I

86 *A Select COLLECTION*

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er:
She sigh'd, and cou'd endure no more,
But starting up, she said.

Such Virtue shall rewarded be;
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me:
Pursue thy grazing Trade.

Go, milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me, mistaken Maid.

S O N G LXXXI.

From grave Lessons and Restraint,
I'm stole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble and I pant,
In the Middle of the Fair.

Oh! wou'd Fortune in my Way
Throw a Lover kind and gay,
Now's the Time he soon may move
A young Heart, unus'd to Love.
Shall I venture? no, no, no;
Shall I from the Danger go!
Oh! no, no, no, no;
I must not try, I cannot fly,
I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me, Nature, help me, Art ;
 Why should I deny my Heart ?
 If a Lover will pursue,
 Like the wisest let me do,
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

S O N G LXXXII.

W Ould Fate to me *Belinda* give,
 With her alone I'd chuse to live,
 Nor with her could I more require,
 Nor a greater Bliss desire.

My charming Nymph, if you can find,
 Amongst the Race of human Kind,
 A Man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, tho' I die.

Let my *Belinda* fill my Arms,
 With all her Beauties, all her Charms,
 With Scorn and Pity I'd look down
 On the Glories of a Crown.

S O N G LXXXIII.

'T WAS on a River's verdant Side,
 About the close of Day,
 A dying Swan with Musick try'd
 To chase her Cares away :

38 *A Select* COLLECTION

And tho' she ne'er had strain'd her Throat,
Or tun'd her Voice before,
Death, ravish'd with so sweet a Note,
A while the Stroke forbore.

Farewel, she cry'd, ye silver Streams,
Ye purling Waves, adieu,
Where *Phœbus* us'd to dart his Beams,
And blest both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds,
Soft Scenes of happy Love ;
Farewel, ye bright enamell'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove :

With you I must no more converse ;
Look, yonder setting Sun
Waits, while I these last Notes rehearse,
And then he must be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and constant Mate,
We'll meet again below :
It is the kind Decree of Fate,
And I with Pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a Tree
Within th' adjacent Wood,
To hear her mournful Melody,
A Stork attentive stood :

From whence, thus to the Swan she spoke:
What means this Song of Joy ?
Is it, fond Fool, so kind a Stroke,
That does thy Life destroy ?

Turn back, deluded Bird, and try
To keep thy fleeting Breath;
It is a dismal thing to die;
And Pleasure ends in Death.

Base Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er,
Thy Arguments are vain;
If after Death we are no more,
Yet we are free from Pain.

But there are soft *Elysian* Shades,
And Bow'rs of kind Repose,
Where never any Storm invades,
Nor Tempest ever blows.

There in cool Streams, and shady Woods,
I'll sport the Time away;
Or, swimming down the chrystal Floods,
Among young Halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee cease, or tell me why
I have such Cause to grieve,
Since it's a Happiness to die,
And it's a Pain to live.

S O N G LXXXIV.

BRight was the Morning, cool was the Air.
Serene was all the Skie,
When on the Waves I left my Dear,
The Center of my Joy;
Heaven and Nature smiling were,
And nothing sad but I.

90 *A Select COLLECTION*

Each roſie Field did Odours ſpread,
 All fragrant was the Shore;
 Each River-God roſe from his Bed,
 And ſigh'd, and own'd her Pow'r;
 Curling their Waves they deck'd their Heads,
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian* Queen
 Her Heroe went to ſee,
Cidnus ſwell'd o'er her Banks with Pride,
 As much in Love as he.

Glide on, ye Waters bear theſe Lines,
 And tell her how diſtreſs'd;
 Bear all my Sighs, ye gentle Winds,
 And waſt 'em to her Breſt:
 Tell her, if e'er ſhe proves unkind,
 I never ſhall have Reſt.

S O N G LXXXV.

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
 Will you never eaſe my Pain;
 Muſt I die for ev'ry Feature?
 Muſt I always love in vain?

The Deſire of Admiration
 Is the Pleaſure you purſue;
 Pr'ythee try a laſting Paſſion,
 Such a Love is mine for you:

Tears and Sighing could not move you,
 For a Lover ought to dare:

When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said I went too far.

Are such giddy Ways beſeeming?
Will my Dear be ſickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the Joy of Women,
Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your Neglect & Torment fills me,
And my deſperate Thoughts increaſe;
Pray conſider, if you kill me,
You will have a Lover leſs.

If your wand'ring Heart is beating
For new Lovers, let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a Day, and fix on me.

SONG LXXXVI.

PRythee fill me the Glaſs,
'Till it laughs in my Face,
With Ale that is potent and mellow:
He that whines for a Laſs,
Is an ignorant Aſs,
For a Bumper has not its Fellow.

SONG LXXXVII.

YE twice ten hundred Deities,
To whom we daily ſacrifice;
Ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below,
And ſee what Men are doom'd to do;

92 *A Select COLLECTION*

Where Elements in Discord dwell,
 Thou God of Sleep, arise, and tell,
 Tell great *Zempoalla* what strange Fate
 Must on her dismal Vision wait.

By the croaking of the Toad,
 In their Caves that make abode;
 Earthy *Dun* that pants for Breath,
 With her swell'd Sides full of Death;
 By the crested Adder's Pride,
 That along the Cliffs do glide;
 By thy Visage fierce and black;
 By the Death's-head on thy Back;
 By the twisted Serpents, plac'd
 For a Girdle round thy Wasse;
 By the Hearts of Gold, that deck
 Thy Breasts, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck;
 From thy sleepy Mansion rise,
 And open thy unwilling Eyes;
 While bubbling Springs their Musick keep,
 That use to lull thee in thy Sleep.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

CUPID, God of pleasing Anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languish;
 Teach him soft Desires to know,
 Heroes would be lost in Story,
 Did not Love inspire their Glory;
 Loves does all that's great below.

S O N G LXXXIX.

WE'll drink and we'll never have done, Boys;
 Put the Glas then round with the Sun,
 Let *Apollo's* Example invite us; [Boys,
 For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
 And that makes him so bright,
 That he's able next Morning to light us.

S O N G XC.

BLow, blow, *Boreas*, blow, and let thy furly
 Winds
 Make the Billows foam and roar;
 Thou canst no Terror breed in valiant Minds,
 But spite of thee we'll live and find a Shore.
 Then chear, my Hearts, and be not aw'd,
 But keep the Gun-room clear:
 Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar
 abroad,
 Whilst we have Sea-room here, Boys, never fear.

Hey! how she toffes up, how far!
 The mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star;
 The Meteors blaz'd as thro' the Clouds we came;
 And, *Salamander*-like, we live in Flame.

But now, now we sink, now, now we go
 Down to the deepest Shades below:
 Alas! alas! where are we now!

Who, who can tell!
 Sure 'tis the lowest Room of Hell,
 Or where the Sea-Gods dwell:
 With them we'll live, with them we'll live and
 reign,
 With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink
 amain,
 But see, we mount, see, see, we rise again.

C H O R U S.

*Tho' Flashes of Lightning, and Tempests of Rain
 Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the Main;
 Tho' the Captain doth swear instead of a Prayer,
 And the Sea is all Fire by the Demons of th' Air,
 We'll drink and defy,
 We'll drink and defy
 The mad Spirits that fly
 From the Deep to the Sky,
 And sing whilst loud Thunder, and sing whilst
 [loud Thunder does bellow;
 For Fate still will have
 A kind Fate for the brave;
 And ne'er make his Grave
 Of a salt Water Wave,
 To drown, to drown, no never to drown a good
 Fellow.*



SONG XCI.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think
How the World is rul'd by Asses,
And the Wise are sway'd by Chink.

Then never let vain Cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a Snare:
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Cræsus*,
While our Bottle drowns our Care.

Wine will make us red as Roses,
And our Sorrows quite forget;
Come, let's fuddle all our Noses,
Drink our selves quite out of Debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us,
We are toping off our Bowls,
Bacchus joining in the Chorus,
Death, begone, here's none but Souls.

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,
Trembling Death away shall fly,
Ever after understanding,
Drinking Souls can never die.

SONG CII.

I'LL sail upon the Dog-star,
And then pursue the Morning;
I'll chase the Moon, till it be Noon,
I'll make her leave her horning.

96 *A Select* COLLECTION

I'll climb the frosty Mountain,
And there I'll coin the Weather;
I'll tear the Rainbow from the Sky,
And tie both Ends together.

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,
And croud them in my Budget:
And whether I'm a roaring Boy,
Let all the Nation judge it.

S O N G X C I I I .

TOO lovely cruel Fair,
Can I the Torture bear
To see thee flying?
Must I behold those Charms
Doom'd to another's Arms,
While I am dying?

S O N G X C I V .

Would you know how we meet o'er our jolly
full Bowls?
As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our Souls:
The sweet melts the sharp, the kind smooths the
strong,
And nothing but Friendship grows all the Night
long:
We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Desire;
Love only remains our unquenchable Fire,

SONG XCV.

What shall I do to shew how much I love
her?

How many Millions of Sighs can suffice?

That which wins other Hearts can never move
her;

Those common Methods of Love she'll despise.

I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,

Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;

'Till, for her own sake, at last she'll implore me,

To love her less, to preserve our Delight.

Since Gods themselves cannot ever be loving,

Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys:

I wish my Love could be always improving,

Tho' eager Love more than Sorrow destroys.

In fair *Aurelia's* Arms leave me expiring,

To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath:

To the last Moment I'll still be desiring:

Never had Heroe so glorious a Death.

SONG XCVI.

F AIR *Venus*, they say,

On a rainy bleak Day,

Thus sent her Child *Cupid* a packing:

Get thee gone from my Door,

Like a Son of a Whore,

And elsewhere stand bounding and cracking.

To tell the plain Truth,
 Our little blind Youth
 Beat the Hoof along while up and down, Sir,
 Till all Dangers past,
 By good Fortune at last,
 He stumbled into a great Town, Sir.

Then strait to himself
 Cries this tiny fly Elf,
 Since Begging brings little Relief, Sir,
 A Trade I'll commence
 That shall bring in the Pence,
 And strait he set up for a Thief, Sir.

At Play-house and Kirk,
 Where he sily did lurk,
 He stole Hearts both from young and old People,
 'Till at last, says my Song,
 He had like to have swung
 On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

Then with Arrows and Bow
 He a Soldier must go,
 And strait he shot folks without Warning:
 He thought it no Sin,
 When his Hand once was in,
 To kill you a Hundred his Morning.

When he found that he made
 Little Gains by his Trade,
 What does our fly graceless Blinker?

But strait chang'd his Note,
As well as his Coat,
And he needs must pass for a Tinker.

Have you any Hearts to mend ?
Come, I'll be your Friend,
Or else I expect not a Farthing:
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
I'll soon make 'em whole ;
And, Maids, is not this a fair Bargain ?

But, Maids, have a Care,
Of this Tinker beware,
Shun the Rogue, tho' he sets such a Face on't,
Where he stops up one Hole,
'Tis true, by my Soul,
He'll at least leave a Score in the Place on't.

S O N G XCVII.

A Dean and Prebendary
Had late a new Vagary,
And were at doubtful Strife, Sir,
Who led the better Life, Sir,
And was the better Man,
And was the better Man.

The Dean he said that truly,
Since *Bluff* was so unruly,

He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,
 That he had the most Grace, Sir,
And so the Fight began, &c.

When *Preb.* reply'd like Thunder,
 And roar'd out, 'twas no Wonder,
 Since Gods the *Dean* had three, Sir,
 And more by two than he, Sir,
For he had got but one, &c.

Now whilst these two were raging,
 And in Disputes engaging,
 The Master of the *Charter*
 Said both had caught a *Tartar*,
For Gods, Sir, there were none, &c.

That all the Books of *Moses*
 Were nothing but Supposes;
 That he deserv'd Rebuke, Sir,
 Who wrote the *Pentateuch*, Sir,
'Twas nothing but a Sham, &c.

That as for Father *Adam*,
 And Mrs. *Eve*, his Madam,
 And what the *Serpent* spoke, Sir,
'Twas nothing but a Joke, Sir,
And well invented Flam, &c.

Thus in this Battle-royal,
 As none would take Denial,
 The Dame for which they strove, Sir,
 Could neither of them love, Sir,
Since all had giv'n Offence, &c.

She therefore slyly waiting,
Left all three Fools a prating,
And, being in a Fright, Sir,
Religion took her Flight, Sir,
And ne'er was heard of since, &c.

S O N G XCVIII.

SO form'd to charm, lovely all over,
You wound a Lover in ev'ry Part;
But we recover, when we discover
There is a Rover within your Heart.

S O N G XCIX.

He, **B**Ehold the Man that with gigantick
Might
Dares combat Heaven again,
Storm *Jove's* bright Palace, put the Gods to flight,
Chaos renew, and make perpetual Night;
Come on, ye fighting Fools that petty Jars
maintain,
I've all the Wars of *Europe* in my Brain.
She. Who's that talks of War
When Beauty does come in;
Whose sweet Face divinely fair,
Eternal Pleasures bring:
When I appear, the martial God
A conquer'd Victim lies,

Obeys each Glance, each awful Nod,
And dreads the Lightning of my killing Eyes,
More than the fiercest Thunder in the Skiet.

He. Ha, ha, ha! now, now we mount up high,
The Sun's bright God and I
Charge on the azure Dawns of ample Sky;
See, see how th' immortal Spirits run;
Pursue, pursue, drive o'er the burning Zone;
From thence come rowling, rowling down,
And search the Globe below, with all the gulphy
Main,
To find my lost, and wand'ring Sense again.

She. By the disjointed Matter
That crouds thy *Pericranium*,
I nicely have found that thy Brain is not sound,
And thou shalt be my Companion.

He. Come, let us plague the World then,
I embrace the blest Occasion;
For by Instinct I find thou art one of the Kind
That first brought in Damnation.

C H O R U S.

*Then mad, very mad, very mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all things in Nature are mad too as we.*

She. My Face has Heaven enchanted;
With all the Sky-born Fellows:
Jove prest to my Breast, and my Bosom he kiss'd,
Which made old *Juno* jealous.

He. I challeng'd grisly *Pluto*,
But the God of Fire did shun me;
Witty Hermes I drubb'd round the Pole with my
For breaking Jokes upon me. (Club,
Then mad, &c.

She. I found *Apollo* singing,
The Tune my Rage encreases;
I made him so blind with a Look that was kind,
That he broke his Lyre to Pieces.

He. I drank a Health to *Venus*,
And the Mole on her white Shoulder;
Mars flinch'd at the Glass, and I threw't in his
Was ever Heroe bolder? (Face:

She. 'Tis true, my dear *Alcides*,
Things tend to Dissolution;
The Charms of a Crown, and the Crafts of the
Have brought all to Confusion. (Gown,

He. The haughty *French* begun it,
The *English* Wits pursue it.

She. The *German* and *Turk* go on with the
He. And all in time will rue it. (Work,
Then mad, &c.

SONG C.

He. SWEET Nelly, my Heart's Delight,
Be loving, and do not slight
The Offer I make,
For Modesty's Sake,
I honour your Beauty bright.

104 *A Select* COLLECTION

For, Love, I protest
 I can do no less,
 Thou hast my Favour won;
 And since I see
 Your Modesty,
 Therefore agree,
 And fancy me,
 Tho' I'm but a Farmer's Son.

She. No, I'm a Lady gay,
 'Tis very well known I may
 Have Men of Renown,
 In City or Town:
 Nay, Roger, without Delay,
 Court *Bridget* or *Sue*,
Kate, *Nancy*, or *Prue*,
 Their Loves may soon be won;
 But don't you dare
 To speak me fair,
 As if I were
 At my last Pray'r,
 To marry a Farmer's Son.

He. My Father has Riches store,
 Two Hundred a Year and more,
 Besides Sheep and Cows,
 Carts, Harrows and Ploughs,
 His Age is above threescore.
 And when he does die,
 Then verily I
 Shall have what he has won;

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 105

Both Land and Kine,
All shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline,
And will be mine,
And marry the Farmer's Son.

She. A Fig for your Cattle and Corn,
Your proffered Love I scorn ;

'Tis known very well,
My Name it is *Nell*,
And you're but a Bumkin born.

He. Well, if it be so,
Then away I will go,
And I hope no Harm is done.

Farewel, adieu,
I hope to wooe
As good as you,
And win her too,
Tho' I'm but a Farmer's Son.

Dear Lady, believe me now,
I solemnly swear and vow,
No Lords in their Lives
Take Pleasure in Wives,
Like Fellows that drive the Plough :
For their Labour and Pain,

Whatever they gain,
They don't to Harlots run,
As Courtiers do,
I never knew.

106 *A Select* COLLECTION

A City Beau
That could out-do
A Country Farmer's Son.

She. Be not in such Haste (quoth she)
Perhaps we may still agree ;
For, Man, I protest,
I was but in Jest,
Come, pr'ythee sit down by me ;
For thou art the Man
That verily can
Perform what must be done ;
Both strait and tall,
Genteel withal,
Therefore I shall
Be at your Call,
And I'll marry the Farmer's Son.

SONG CL.

Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses,
Noble Deeds are done by Wines;
Scorn the Nymph, and all her Graces:
Who'd for Love or Beauty pine ?

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand Charms you'll find,
More than *Phyllis*, tho' just going
In the Moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at Council-board ;
He subdu'd the World by drinking,
More than by his conquering Sword.

SONG CII.

Beauty now alone shall move him,
Mars shall know no Joy but Love,
Let the wiser Gods reprove him.

Melting Kisses,
Mutual Blisses,
Beauty charming,
Love alarming,

Raise the Soul to Joys above.

SONG CIII.

Cynthia frowns whene'er I wooe her,
Yet she's vex'd if I give over ;
Much she fears I shall undo her,
But much more to lose her Lover :
Thus in doubting she refuses,
And, not winning, thus she loses.

Pr'ythee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you,
Then too late Desire will find you,
When the Power does forsake you :
Think, oh ! think ; oh, sad Condition,
To be past, yet wish Fruition !

SONG CIV.

LOVE, thou airy vain Illusion,
Sly Deceiver of my Joys,
All thy Arts are but Delusion,
Whilst vain Hope my Heart decoys.

But, Charmer, I still adore:
Ne'er tease me, but ease me,
Love's Passion shall please me,
Whilst I your Aid implore.

SONG CV.

A Round her see *Cupid* flying,
Behold him wishing, dying,
Such Graces shine all o'er her,
Gods might adore her.

Blind Boy, forbear to wooe her,
Thy Flame admits no Cure,
To me, in Sight of Heaven,
Her Faith is given.

SONG CVI.

AS tippling *John* was jogging on,
Upon the Riot Night;
With tott'ring Pace and fiery Face,
Suspicious of high Flight:

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 109

The Guards who took him by his Look,
For some chief Firebrand,
Ask'd whence he came, what was his Name,
Who are you? stand, Friend, stand!

I'm going home, from Meeting come:
Ay, says one, that's the Case,
Some Meeting he has burnt, you see,
The Flame's still in his Face.
John thought 'twas time to purge his Crime,
And said, my chief Intent
Was to assuage my thirsty Rage
I'th' Meeting that I meant.

Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
Says one, pray let us know,
That we may find how you're inclin'd,
Are you High Church or Low?
John said to that, I'll tell you what,
To end Debates and Strife,
All I can say, this is the Way
I steer my Course of Life.

I ne'er to Bow, nor Burges's go,
To Steeple-house nor Hall;
The brisk Bar-bell best suits my Zeal,
With, Gentlemen, d'ye call?
Guess then am I Low Church or High,
From that Tow'r or no Steeple,
Whose merry Toll exalts the Soul,
And must make high-flown People.

110 *A Select* COLLECTION

The Guards came on, and look'd at *John*,
 With Countenance most pleasant:
 By Whisper round they all soon found,
 He was no Damag'd Peasant:
 Thus while *John* stood, the best he cou'd,
 Expecting their Decision,
 Damn him, says one, let him be gone,
 He's of our own Religion.

SONG CVII.

✓ **O**F all the World's Enjoyments
 That ever valu'd were,
 There's none of our Employments
 With Fishing can compare:
 Some preach, some write,
 Some swear, some fight,
 All golden Lucre courting;
 But Fishing still
 Bears off the Bell,
 For Profit, or for Sporting.
Then who a jolly Fisherman,
A Fisherman would be,
His Throat must wet,
Just like his Net,
To keep out Cold at Sea.
 The Country 'Squire loves running
 A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;
 Another fancies Gunning
 For wild Ducks in his Grounds;

of ENGLISH SONGS. III

This hunts, that fowls,
This hawks, Dick bowls,
No greater Pleasure wishing;
But Tom that tells
What Sport excels,
Gives all the Praise to Fishing.
Then, &c.

A good Westphalia Gammon,
Is counted dainty Fair;
But what is't to a Salmon,
Just taken from the Ware:
Wheat-ears and Quails,
Cocks, Snipes and Rayls,
Are priz'd while Season's lasting;
But all must stoop
To Craw-fish Soop,
Or I've no Skill in tasting.
Then, &c.

Keen Hunters always take too
Their Prey with too much Pains;
Nay, often break a Neck too,
A Penance for no Brains:
They run, they leap,
Now high, now deep,
Whilst he that Fishing chuses,

112 *A Select* COLLECTION

With Ease may do't,
Nay, more to boot,
May entertain the Muses.
Then, &c.

And tho' some envious Wranglers
To jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient Anglers,
Who stand so long i'th' Cold,
They wait on Mifs,
We wait on this,
And think it easy Labour;
And if you'd know
Fish Profits too,
Consult our *Holland* Neighbour.
Then, &c.

S O N G C V I I I.

IN good King *Lewis's* Land,
In a City of high Degree;
There lived a Dyer grand,
And a very good Dyer was he:
This Dyer was married, forsooth,
And married in Truth was he,
To a Maid in the Bloom of her Youth,
And she gave him some Jealousy.
In vain had he sought to discover
What he little desir'd to see,
Never dreaming his Wife had a Lover
Of Monkey-fac'd Monsieur l'Abbé;

He thought of a politick Way,
To bring all the Matter to Light,
By his feigning a Journey one Day,
And by lying in Ambush at Night.

The Horses were brought to the Door,
And all Signs of a Journey appear,
Whilst his Wife (that dissembling Whore)
Was bedew'd in her Crocodile-tears;
A thousand Grimaces she made,
To shew forth her Grief at his parting,
But that was a Trick of the Jade,
And regardless as old Womens farting.

The Dyer was now out of Sight,
And prepar'd to discover the Treason;
You'll find he was much in the right,
And I'm going to tell you the Reason:
The Wife was no sooner alone,
But she sent for her Father-Confessor;
He put his best Pantaloons on,
And he ran like the Devil to bless her.

The Damsel with Smiles on her Face,
Met the Abbot, and gave him a Kiss;
But no Man would have been in his Place,
If he'd known of the Jerquer in Piss.
We now may suppose them together,
Confessing and pressing each other;
Bound fast in Love's Thong of Whit-leather
Was the reverend Catholick-Brother.

Some Hours were pass'd at this Rate,
 When the Husband with *Passé-par-tout* Keys,
 Made no Scruple to open his Gate,
 And caught napping the Hog in his Pease.
 Father Abbot, quoth he (without Passion)
 Is this your Church-way of Confession?
 Altho' tis a thing much in Fashion,
 It is nevertheless a Transgression.

The Abbot, as you may believe,
 Had but little to say for himself;
 He knew well what he ought to receive,
 For his being so arrant an Elf;
 His Clothes he got on with all Speed,
 And conducted he was by the Dyer,
 To be duckt (as you after may read)
 And be cool'd from his amorous Fire.

Quoth the Dyer, most reverend Father,
 Since I find you're so hot upon Wenching,
 I have gather'd my Servants together,
 To give you a Taste of our Drenching.
 Here——Tom, Harry, Roger and Dick,
 Take the Abbot, undress him, and douse him;
 They obey'd in that very same Nick,
 To the Dye-fat they take him and souse him.

To behold what a Figure he made,
 Such a Monster there never was seen,
 'Twas enough to make *Satan* afraid;
 He was colour'd all over with Green.

The Dyer had Pleasure enough,
When he thought how he dy'd him for Life;
'Twas much better than using him rough,
Since he only had lain with his Wife.

The Abbot was led to the Door,
And he took to his Heels in a trice,
Never looking behind or before;
It was now not a Time to be nice.
'Tis reported by some of his Neighbours,
That he did not discover, 'till Morning,
The excellent Fruits of his Labours,
Nor the Colour he had for his horning.

But, good lack, when he came to the Glass,
And beheld such a strange Alteration,
He was dy'd of the Colour of Grass,
And had like to have dy'd of Vexation.
As the Stain can be never got out,
And the Abbot must lose the Church-seece;
Let him bear the Disgrace (like a Lout)
And be shewn for a Penny a-piece.

S O N G C I X.

C O M E all you Sons of Adam,
The which do haunt this Place;
Come all you little Eves-droppers,
Who pass for Babes of Grace;
Come all you Shapes and Figures,
And as you pass along,

Pray mind a Brother Animal,

And listen to his Song.

Oh Masquerades are fine things

For to delight the Eyes;

And tho' they vex the foolish,

They don't offend the wise.

For why should Mirth and Pleasure,

And harmless Sport and Play,

Or speaking with Sincerity,

Be thought a rude Essay?

For when we mask our Faces,

We then unmask our Hearts;

And hide our lesser Beauties,

To shew our better Parts.

Oh Masquerades are fine things

For to delight the Hearts;

And tho' they hurt our Pockets,

They please our better Parts.

Here all Sorts of Conditions

Are sociable and free;

They judge not by Appearances,

Which often disagree:

A Lord will court a Scullion,

A Lady hug a Clown;

A Judge embrace most tenderly

A Madam of the Town.

Oh Masquerades are fine things

For to delight the Mind;

And tho' they vex the Bishops,

They make the Ladies kind.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 117

Here Party makes no Difference,
No Politicians jar;

Here Statesmen lay aside their Pride,
And with it all their Care.

A *Babylonish* Dialect

Inspires all the Place;

Which must produce, no doubt on't,

A very sprightly Race.

Oh Masquerades are fine things

For to improve the Age;

And much beyond the Liberty

And Licence of the Stage.

Here I an honest Calling

Have chosen at my Leisure;

For Profit, by the bye, Sir,

But in the Main for Pleasure;

For Pleasure each Man hither comes,

Each Lady comes for Pleasure;

And if I'm in the right, Sir,

Why then my Song is Measure.

Oh Masquerades are fine things,

From whence all Pleasure springs;

And tho' the Vulgar rail at them,

They give Delight to Kings.



SONG CX.

F A I R *Iris* and her Swain
 Were in a shady Bower,
 Where *Thyrsis* long, in vain,
 Had fought the happy Hour;
 At length his Hand advancing
 Upon her snowy Breast,
 He said, O kifs me longer,
 If you will make me blest.

Ir. An easy yielding Maid
 By trusting is undone;
 Our Sex is oft betray'd
 By granting Love too soon:
 If you desire to gain me,
 Your Sufferings to redress,
 Prepare to love me longer yet, and longer,
 Before you shall possess.

Th. The little Care you show
 Of all my Sorrows past
 Makes Death appear too slow,
 And Life too long to last:
 Fair *Iris*, kifs me kindly,
 In Pity of my Fate,
 And kindly still, and kindly still,
 Before it be too late.

Ir. You fondly court your Bliss,
 And no Advantage make;

'Tis not for Maids to give,
 But 'tis for Men to take:
 So you may kifs me kindly,
 And kindly still, and kindly,
 But do not kifs and tell,
 No never kifs and tell.

Th. And may I kifs you kindly?

Ir. Yes, you may kifs me kindly.

Th. And kindly still, and kindly?

Ir. And kindly still, and kindly.

Th. And will you not rebel?

Ir. And I will not rebel:

But do not kifs and tell,

But do not kifs and tell.

Th. No, no, I'll never kifs and tell.

No, no, I'll never kifs and tell.

Both. Thus at the Height we love and live,
 And fear not to be poor:

We give and we give, we give and we give,

'Till we can give no more:

But what to Day will take away

To Morrow will restore.

But what, &c.

SONG CXI.

W. **T**OME you made a Thousand Vows,
 A Thousand tender Things you've said:
 I gave you all that Love allows,
 The Pleasures of the nuptial Bed:

But now my Eyes have lost their Charms,
 Or you abate in your Desire;
 You wish another in your Arms,
 And burn with an unhallow'd Fire.

H. That charming *Celia* I admire
 I must with Pleasure own is true;
 But had I ten times the Desire,
 How would the Passion injure you?

W. Love is a sacred Tree of Life,
 That up to Heaven its Branches rears;
 But Admiration's but the Leaf,
 Enjoyment is the Fruit it bears.

H. Thus, while you raise a vain Dispute,
 Your Passion but itself deceives,
 While you yourself have all the Fruit,
 Why need you envy me the Leaves?

Both. Away then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain
 For Wives, when neglected, to sigh and complain,
 We raise the loose Wishes we strive to restrain.
 'Tis a Folly to whine, to languish and grieve,
 Let us rather endeavour ourselves to deceive;
 What we wish to be true, Love bids us believe.
 Time, Reason, or Change, at last will relieve;
 'Tis a Folly to whine, to languish and grieve.



SONG CXII.

AT *Winchester* was a Wedding,
 The like was never seen,
 'Twixt lusty *Ralph of Reading*,
 And bonny black *Bess of the Green*:
 The Fiddlers were crowding before,
 Each Lads was as fine as a Queen:
 There was a Hundred, and more,
 For all the whole Country came in;
 Brisk *Robin* led *Rose* so fair,
 She look'd like a Lily o'th' Vale,
 And ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
 And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
 He help'd her over the Stile,
 And swore there was none so pretty,
 In forty and forty long Mile:
Kit gave a green Gown to *Betty*,
 And lent her his Hand to rise;
 But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
 For looking blue under the Eyes:
 Thus merrily chatting all,
 They pass to the Bride-house along,
 With *Johnny* and pretty-fac'd *Nancy*,
 The fairest of all the Throng.

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
 Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,

122 *A Select* COLLECTION

And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With bak'd and roasted, and boil'd.

The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his Side;
But *Willy* was melancholly,
For he had a Mind to the Bride:
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer-glass on his Thumb,
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking
The best in *Christendom*.

And now they had din'd, advancing
Into the Midst of the Hall,
The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the Brawl;
But *Margaret* kept a Quarter,
A Lass that was proud of her Pelf,
'Cause *Arthur* had stoln her Garter,
And swore he would tie it himself:
She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
And ready with Anger to cry,
'Cause *Arthur*, in tying her Garter,
Had slipt his Hand up too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
The Bride away was led;
The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
For Candles to light 'em to Bed:
But *Robin*, finding him silly,
Most friendly took him aside,
The while that his Wife with *Willy*
Was playing at Hooper's-hide:

And now the warm Game begins,
The critical Minute was come,
And Chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,
Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Strephon* was kind to *Betty*,
And blithe as a Bird in the Spring;
And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,
And wedded her with a Rush-ring:
Sukie, that danc'd with the Cushion,
An Hour from the Room had been gone,
And *Barnaby* knew by her blushing,
That some other Dance had been done:
And thus of fifty fair Maids,
That came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
That so did return again.

SONG CXIII.

ON a Bank of Flow'rs, in a Summer's Day,
Inviting and undrest,
In her Bloom of Years bright *Celia* lay,
With Love and Sleep oppress'd:
When a youthful Swain, with admiring Eyes,
Wish'd he durst the fair Maid surprize,
With a *fa, la, la*, &c.
But fear'd approaching Spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze arose,
 That fann'd her Robes aside,
 And the sleeping Nymph did the Charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide, [high,
 Then his Breath grew short, and his Heart beat
 He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,
 With a *fa, la, la*, &c.
 But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood, with her Beauties fir'd,
 And blest the courteous Wind;
 Then in Whispers sigh'd, and the Gods desir'd,
 That *Celia* might be kind.
 When with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain,
 But she laugh'd aloud in a Dream, and again
 With a *fa, la, la*, &c.
 Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

Yet when once Desire has inflam'd the Soul,
 All modest Doubts withdraw;
 And the God of Love does each Fear controul,
 That would the Lover awe.
 Shall a Prize like this, says the vent'rous Boy,
 'Scape, and I not the Means employ?
 With a *fa, la, la*, &c.
 To seize the proffer'd Joy.

Here the glowing Youth, to relieve his Pain,
 The slumb'ring Maid caress'd,
 And with trembling Hands (O the simple Swain!)
 Her snowy Bosom press'd:

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When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue,

With a *fa, la, la, &c.*
But Damon mis'd his Cue.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,

Himself he thus accus'd;

What a dull and stupid thing was I,

That such a Chance abus'd?

To thy Shame 'twill soon on the Plains be said,

Damon a Virgin asleep betray'd,

With a *fa, la, la, &c.*

Yet let her go a Maid.

S O N G CXIV.

I'LL tell thee, Dick, where I have lately been,
(*There's rare Doings at Bath*)

'Mongst Beauties divine, the like was ne'er seen,

(*There's rare Doings at Bath*) [Spleen,

And some dismal Wits that were eat up with

There's rare Doings at Bath;

Raffing and Fiddling, and Piping and Singing,

There's rare Doings at Bath.

Where all drink the Waters to recover Health,

And some sort of Fools there throw off their
Wealth;

And now and then kisse--but that's done by stealthy

There's rare Doings at Bath.

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And now for the Crew that pass in the Throng,
That live by the Gut, or the Pipe, or the Song,
And teaze all the Gentry as they pass along;

There's, &c.

First *Corbet* began, My Lord, pray, your Crown,
You'll hear a new Boy I've just brought to Town,
I'm sure he will please you, or else knock me

There's, &c. [down;

Besides, I can boast of my self and two more,
And *Leveridge* the Bass, that sweetly will roar,
'Till all the whole Audience join in *encore*.

There's &c.

Next *Holcomb*, *La Tour*, and *Banister* too,
With Hautboy, one Fiddle and Tenor so blue,
And fusty old Musick, not one Note of new.

There's, &c.

Next *Morphew*, the Harper, with his Pig's Face,
Lies tickling a Treble, and vamping a Bass;
And all he can do, 'tis but Musick's Disgrace.

There's &c.

Then comes the Eunuch to teaze 'em the more---
Subscribe your two Guineas to make up fourscore,
I never perform'd at so low Rate before.

There's &c.

Then come the Strolers among the rest;
And little *Punch Powel* so full of his Jest,
With—pray, Sir, good *Madam*, 'tis my Show
There's, &c. [is best.

Thus being tormented, and teaz'd to their Souls,
They thought the best way to be rid of those Fools,
The Case they referr'd to the Master of th' Rolls.

There's, &c.

Says his Honour, and then he put on a Frown,
The Case if you leave to my Thoughts alone,
I'll soon have them all whipt out of the Town.

There's rare Doings at Bath ;

Raffling, &c.

S O N G C X V .

I Burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes,
Each Eye-ball too like Lighting flashes
Within my Breast there glows a solid Fire,
Which in a thousand Ages can't expire.

Blow the Winds, great Ruler, blow ;
Bring the *Po* and the *Ganges* hither,
'Tis sultry Weather.

Pour them all on my Soul,
It will hiss like a Coal,
But never be the cooler.

'Twas Pride hot as Hell
That first made me rebel ;
From Love's awful Throne a curs'd Angel I fell:
And mourn now my Fate,
Which myself did create,
Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well.

Adieu, transporting Joys;
 Off, ye vain fantastick Toys,
 That dress their Face and Body to allure.
 Bring me Daggers, Poison, Fire,
 Since Scorn is turn'd into Desire,
 All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

SONG CXVI.

THE Sages of old
 In Prophecies told
 The Cause of a Nation's undoing;
 But the true *English* Breed
 No Prophecies need,
 For each Man here seeks his own Ruin:
 By Grumbling and Jars
 We promote civil Wars,
 And preach up false Tenets to many;
 We snarl and we bite,
 We rail and we fight
 For Religion, yet no Man has any.
 Then him let's commend,
 That's true to his Friend,
 And a Miss that can wittily prattle;
 Who delights not in Blood,
 But draws when she shou'd,
 And bravely ne'er shrinks from the Battle:
 Who rails not at Kings,
 Nor at politick things,
 Nor Treason does talk when he's mellow;

But takes a full Glass
To his Master's Success;
This, this is the honest brave Fellow.

SONG CXVII.

Chlœ blush'd, and frown'd and swore,
And push'd me rudely from her;
I call'd her faithless jilting Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

But when I rose, and would be gone,
She cry'd, nay, whither go ye?
Young *Damon*, stay, now we're alone,
Do what you will with *Chlœ*.

SONG CXVIII.

THE Charms of bright Beauty so powerful
are,

For that we make Peace, and for that we make
War;

Then tell me use more of Religion and Laws;
Your Cant of Injustice, the good and bad Cause;
Your Conquests and Triumphs, your Captives
and Spoils,

Shall never incite me to hazardous Toils;
To be great, wise, and wealthy, I never would
chuse,

Should the Nymph I adore, her Favour refuse;

But let my *Eugenia* prove faithful and kind,
 I'll weather the Winter, and weary the Wind;
 I'll ravage the Seas, the Earth and the Air,
 And combat for her, even Death and Despair.

SONG CXIX.

WHilst I fondly view the Charmer,
 Thus the God of Love I sue;
 Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
 Of a Thousand Smiles bereave her,
 Rob her Neck, her Lips, her Eyes;
 The Remainder still will leave her
 Pow'r enough to tyrannize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Passion
 Still in ev'ry Breast will move;
 More is Supererogation,
 Meer Idolatry of Love:
 You may dress a World of *Chloe's*
 In the Beauty she can spare;
 Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is
 To your Altars, or the Fair.

Foolish Mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry *Cupid* made Reply;
 Do *Florella's* Charms displease you?
 Die then, foolish Mortal, die:
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of the captivating Store.

Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty Thousand Beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and soure,
Apt to mock a Lover's Care,
Justly then you'd pray, that Power
Should be taken from the Fair;
But tho' I spread a Blemish o'er her,
No Relief in that you'll find,
Still fond Shepherd, you'd adore her
For the Beauties of her Mind.

S O N G CXX.

M Aiden fresh as a Rose,
Young, buxom, and full of Jollity,
Take no Spouse among Beaus,
Fond of their raking Quality;
He who wears a long Bush,
All powder'd down from his Pericrane,
And with Nose full of Snuff,
Snuffles out Love in merry Vein.

Who to Dames of high Place
Does prattle like any Parrot too,
Yet, with Doxies a Brace,
At Night piggs in a Garret too:
Patrimony outrun,
To make a fine Shew to carry thee:
Plainly, Friend, thou'rt undone,
If such a Creature marry thee.

Then for fear of a Bride,
 Of flattering Noise and Vanity,
 Yoke a Lad of our Tribe,
 He'll shew thee best Humanity:
 Flashy thou wilt find Love,
 In civil as well as secular;
 But when Spirit doth move,
 We have a Gift particular.
 Tho' our Graveness is Pride,
 That Boobies the more may venerate;
 He that gets a good Bride
 Can jump when he's to generate;
 Off then goes the Disguise,
 To Bed in his Arms he'll carry thee:
 Then be happy and wise,
 Take *Tea* and *Nay* to marry thee.

SONG CXXI.

Young *Cupid* I find
 To subdue me inclin'd,
 But at length I a Stratagem found,
 That will rid me of him,
 For I'll drink to the Brim,
 And unless he can swim,
 He like other Puppies will drown.



SONG CXXII.

MY Days have been so wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly,
With careless Ease, from Tree to Tree,
Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine increas'd their Stream;
Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught :
The tender Chains of sweet Desire
Are fixt upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breast
Does every Doubt controul ;
And lovely Nancy stands confest
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Echo's, breezy Winds,
Ye close Retreats of Love ;

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Assist the dear Design ;
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
 As much as of Despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind
 Is mixt with soft Distress;
 Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

SONG CXXIII.

Sweet are the Charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the Damask Rose;
 Soft as the Down of Turtle-Dove,
 Gentle as Winds when Zephyr blows;
 Refreshing as descending Rains
 To sun-burnt Climes and thirsty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
 Or as the Dial to the Sun,
 Constant as gliding Waters roll,
 Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon;
 From ev'ry other Charmer free,
 My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the Flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues;
 Sweet Philomel, in shady Bow'rs
 Of verdant Spring her Note renews;

All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seasons rise ;
As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies ;
No change on Love the Seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow ;
And Marble Tow'rs and Walls of Brass
In his rude March he levels low :
But Time destroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Blest above ;
Where known to all his Kindred Train,
He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love and his Sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born from Heav'n together came :
Love will the Universe controul,
When dying Seasons lose their Name ;
Divine Abodes shall own his Pow'r,
When Time and Death shall be no more.

SONG CXXIV.

O F all the Girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty *Sally* :

She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley :

There is no Lady in the Land
Is half so sweet as *Sally* ;

She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes Cabbage-Nets,
And thro' the Streets doth cry 'em ;

Her Mother she sells Laces long

To such as please to buy 'em ;

But sure such Folks could ne'er beget

So sweet a Girl as *Sally* :

She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

When she is by, I leave my Work,

I love her so sincerely ;

My Master comes like any *Turk*,

And bangs me most severely :

But let him bang his Belly full,

I'll bear it all for *Sally*,

She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the Days are in the Week,

I dearly love but one Day,

And that's the Day that comes betwixt

The *Saturday* and *Monday* ;

For then I'm drest all in my best,
To walk abroad with *Sally*;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the Lurch,
As soon as Text is named:
I leave the Church in Sermon-time,
And sink away with *Sally*;
She is the darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

When *Christmas* comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have Money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my Honey:
I wou'd it were Ten Thousand Pounds,
I'd give it all to *Sally*;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My Master and the Neighbours-all
Make Game of me and *Sally*,
And (but for her) I'd better be
A Slave, and row a Galley;
But when my seven long Years are out,
O! then I'll marry *Sally*,
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our Alley.

SONG CXXV.

Would you, have a young Virgin of Fifteen
Years,

You must tickle her Fancy with Sweets and Dears,
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly
Sing a Love-Sonnet, and charm her Ears;
Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown;
Smooth her, and sooth her,
And teaze her, and please her,
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Widow well known in Man,
With a Front of Assurance come boldly on;
Be at her each Moment, and briskly, briskly
Put her in Mind how her Time steals on;
Rattle and prattle, altho' she frown,
Rouze her, and touze her from Morn to Noon,
And shew her some Hour
You'll answer her Dow'r,
And get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That Pleasure's best Charm is Variety:
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her, and treat her,
And kiss with a Guinça, and all's your own,

SONG CXXVI.

He. O F all Comforts I miscarry'd,
When I play'd the Sor and marry'd;
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on'r,
Those that are in would fain get out on'r.

She. Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,
That Napkin take, and bind your Head,
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. 'Oons! 'tis all one, if I'm up or lie down,
For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

He. From your Arms my self divorcing,
I this Morn must ride a coursing,
A Sport that far excels a Madam,
Or all the Wives have been since *Adam*.

She. I, when thus I've lost my Due,
Must hug my Pillow, wanting you;
And whilst you tope it all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

He. Pox, what care I? drink your Slops till you
die,

Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Mouth from home.

She. If thus parted, I'm broken hearted;
When I, when I send for you, my Dear, pray
come,

He. Ere I'll be from Rambling hinder'd,
 I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred;
 To be sober I've no Leisure,
 What's a Man without his Pleasure?

She. To my Grief then I must see,
 Strong Wine and *Nants* my Rivals be;
 Whilst you carouse it with your Blades,
 Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

He. Oons! you may go to your Gossips you know,
 And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.
She. Go, ye Joker, go Provoker,
 Never never shall I meet a Man like you.

SONG CXXVII.

THOU cruel you seem to my Pain,
 And hate me because I am true;
 Yet, *Phillis*, you love a false Swain,
 Who has other Nymphs in his View:
 Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
 To me what a Heav'n it would be;
 To him but a Woman you seem,
 But ah! you're an Angel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in Haste;
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear Waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go;
 That Arm, like a Lily so white,
 Which over his Shoulders you lay,

My Bosom could warm it all Night,
My Lips they would press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
The Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee:
But if I must feel thy Disdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

S O N G CXXVIII.

Amongst the Willows on the Grass,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds lie,
Young *Willy* courted bonny *Bess*,

And *Nell* stood list'ning by:

Says *Will*, we will not tarry

Two Months before we marry.

No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,

For a Maid I'll live and die.

Says *Nell*, *So shall not I*,

Says *Nell*, &c.

Long time betwixt Hope and Despair,

And Kisses mixt between,

He with a Song did charm her Ear,

Thinking she chang'd had been,

Says *Will*, I want a Blessing,

Substantialler than Kissing.

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No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,
 For I will never change my Mind:
Says Nell, She'll prove more kind,
Says Nell, &c.

Smart Pain the Virgin finds,
 Altho' by Nature taught,
 When she first to Man inclines:
Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.
 Oh! who wou'd lose a Treasure,
 For such a puny Pleasure!
 Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,
 And to my Vow be true.
Quoth Nell, The more Fool you,
Quoth Nell, &c.

To my Closet I'll repair,
 And read on godly Books,
 Forget vain Love, and worldly Care.
Quoth Nell, That likely looks!
 You Men are all perfidious,
 But I will be religious,
 Try all, fly all, and while I breathe, defy all,
 Your Sex I now despise.
Says Nell, By Jove, she lies,
Says Nell, &c.

SONG CXXIX.

WHEN the bright God of Day
 Drove to Westward each Ray,
 And the Evening was charming and clear,

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The Swallows amain
Nimble skim o'er the Plain,
And our Shadows like Giants appear.

In a Jeſſamine Bow'r,
When the Bean was in Flow'r,
And Zephyr breath'd Odours around;
Lovely *Silvia* was ſat,
With a Song and Spinnet,
To charm all the Grove with the Sound.

Rofie Bowers ſhe ſung,
While the Harmony rung,
And the Birds they all flutt'ring ſtrive;
Th' Induſtrious Bees
From the Flowers and Trees,
Gently hum with the Sweets to their Hive.

The gay God of Love,
As he rang'd o'er the Grove,
By Zephyr conducted along;
As ſhe touch'd o'er the Strings,
He beat time with his Wings,
And *Echo* repeated the Song.

Oh! ye Rovers, beware
How ye venture too near,
Love is doubly arm'd for to wound;
Your Fate you can't ſhun,
And you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the Sound.

SONG CXXX.

HERE all People and Sports,
 Of all Sizes and Sorts,
 Coach'd *Damsel* and 'Squire,
 And Mob in the Mire,
Tarpanlins, *Trugmallions*,
 Lords, Ladies, Sows Babies,
 And *Loobies* in Scores;
 Some hawling, some bawling,
 Some leering, some fleering,
 Some loving, some shoving,
 With Legions of furbelow'd *Whores*.

To the Tavern some go,
 And some to the Show,
 See Poppets and Moppets,
 Jack-Puddens for Cuddens,
 Rope-dancing, Mares prancing,
 Boats flying, *Quacks* lying,
 Pick-Pockets, Pick-Plackets,
 Beasts, *Butchers* and *Beaus* :
Fops prattling, Dice rattling,
Rooks shamming, *Putts* damning,
Whores painted, *Masks* tainted
 In Tally-mens furbelow'd Clothes.

The Mobs Joys wou'd ye know,
 To yon Musick-House go,
 See *Taylor*s and *Sailor*s,
Whores, *Molly* and *Dolly*,

Hear Musick makes you sick ;
 Some skipping, some tripping,
 Some smoking, some joking,
 Like Spigget and Tap ;
 Short Measure, strange Pleasure,
 Thus swilling and billing,
 Some yearly get fairly
 For Fairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

SONG CXXXI.

SEE, Sirs, see here ! a Doctor rare,
 Who travels much at home !
 Here take my Pills, they cure all Ills,
 Past, present, and to come ;
 The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch,
 The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
 The Mulligrubs, the bonny Scrubs,
 And all *Pandora's* Box :
 Thousands I've dissected,
 Thousands new erected,
 And such Cures effected,
 As none e'er can tell ;
 Let the Palsy shake ye,
 Let the Cholick rake ye,
 Let the Crinkums break ye,
 Let the Murrain take ye,
 Take this, take this, and you are well :
 Thousands, &c.
 Come Wits so keen, devour'd with Spleen,
 And Beaus who've sprain'd your Backs,

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Big-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades,
 And pepper'd Vizard Cracks;
 I soon remove the Pains of Love,
 And cure the love-sick Maid,
 The Young, the Old, the Hot, the Cold,
 The Living and the Dead;
 I clear the Laffs with Wainfcot Face,
 And from Pim-gennets free;
 Plump Ladies red like *Saracen's* Head
 With toping Ratafie.
 This, with a Jirk, will do your Work,
 And scour ye o'er and o'er;
 Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.

SONG CXXXII.

ONE Ev'ning having lost my Way,
 By chance I came into a Wood,
Sol had been very hot that Day,
 I under a Covert stood:
 Long time I had not tarry'd there,
 Before I heard a rustling nigh,
 A Female Voice said, stay my Dear,
 The man cry'd, Zoons, not I.
 Don't offer to hold me, but let go my Hand,
 Thou'st tore off a Button, and rumpl'd my
 Band,
 Don't squeeze me, let me goo, for I wonna be
 fool'd by thee.
 These Words, I own, did make me stare,
 No Person being to be seen;
 When thro' the Leaves a Damsel fair
 y'd lying on the Green.

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A lusty Clown did by her stand,
Endeavouring for to get away ;
The Lass as strongly held his Hand,
And thus to him did say :
My dearest sweet *Dickie*, why wilt thou be
So cross, and so cruel unto me,
When thou know'st I love, I languish, I sigh, I
die for thee.

And then the Tears did trickle down
From her bright Eyes exceeding fast :
The Sight of which so mov'd the Clown,
He stood like one aghast.

Why wilt thou *Joan* tempt me so,
Mayhaps we may a young one get,
Then I must for a Soldier go,
And thou know'st I hate to fight.

My dearest, my *Dickie*, be ruled by me,
They neither shall press thee by Land nor by
Sea,

But love me, dearest *Dickie*, and I'll save thee
from the Wars.

At this the Clown began to grin,
And learingly on her did look,
And after having wip'd his Chin,
From her a Kiss he took.

And wilt thou then, my dearest *Joan*,
Secure me that I shan't be prest ,
If so, I wish we two were one ;

Ah *Dickie* ! then I am blest,
She pull'd him down by her, saying, be not afraid,
Gods ! who cou'd deny so charming a Maid ?

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Such Breasts, such Lips, such Eyes, wou'd charm
a modern Saint.

Had you but seen with how much Art
She manag'd him in Love's Contest,
And how well *Dickie* plaid his part,
You'd swear that each lov'd best.

Now both agree to rest a while,
Being tired with extream Delight;
She soon reviv'd him with a Smile,
And *Dickie* renew'd the Fight.

She hugg'd him, she kiss'd him from Head to
Heel,

Such Joy and such Transport the Clown did
ne'er feel,

My Dear, my *Joan*, he cry'd, I never can from
thee part.

They toy'd while they cou'd, and they both
consent,

To meet the next Ev'ning, so home they went,
Dick Fears no pressing now, and *Joan* has her
Longing sav'd.

S O N G CXXXIII.

IN spite of Love, at length I've found
A Mistress that will please me,
Her Humour free, and unconfin'd,
Both Night and Day she'll ease me;
No jealous Thoughts disturb my Mind,
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all Mankind;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you, thro' all her naked Charms
Her little Mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your Arms,
And use her like a Lover ;
Such Liquor she'll distil from thence,
As will transport your ravish'd Sense,
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

But best of all! she has no Tongue,
Submissive she obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And still to smiling sways me ;
Her Skin is smooth, Complexion black,
And has a most delicious Smack ;
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you her Excellence would taste,
Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
Clap your Hand about her Waist,
And raise her up behind, Sir,
As for her Bottom, never doubt,
Push but home, and you'll find it out ;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

S O N G CXXXIV.

C O M E hither, good People, both aged and
young,

And give your Attention to my merry Song,
I'll sing you a true one, and not hold you long,

*With a down, down, up and down,
derry, derry, down.*

150 *A Select COLLECTION*

A Parson there was, and whose Name I could tell,
But if I do not, it may be full as well,
Whose Wife did all *Torkshire* in Beauty excel,
With a down, &c.

Her Texture so perfect, her Eyes black as Sloe,
Her Hair curling shone, and like Jet it did show,
Which often denotes 'tis the same thing below,
With a down, &c.

A sprightly young Spark she had smitten so deep,
Nor Day had he Quiet, nor Night had he Sleep,
Which made him think how to her Bed he should
creep, *With a down, &c.*

Assistance he wanted, and then did unbend
His Mind to a Brother, before a good Friend,
Who said, fear not, *Watt*, thou shalt compass
thy End, *With a down, &c.*

In Woman's Apparel dress out, and be gay,
I'll venture my Life on't, 'twill be a sure way,
If you condescend but to what I shall say,
With a down, &c.

And thus to old *Tack-'em's* this Couple rode on :
Dear Doctor, says *Frank*, here's a thing to be done,
Which Office perform'd, I shall gratefully own,
With a down, &c.

This Lady that long has Love's Passion defy'd,
And all my Addresses so often deny'd,
Will now make me happy, by being my Bride,
With a down, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 131

'Tis past the Canonical Hour, said he,
And till the next Morning you know it can't be,
And then I'll attend you, Sir, must readily,
With a down, &c.

Says *Frank*, I confess, Sir, you are perfectly
right,
But here lies the Hardship, we can't while 'tis
light,
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to Night,
With a down, &c.

Take no Care of that, Sir, for thus it shall be,
The Lady, if she think it fit to agree,
Shall lie with my Dearest, and you lie with me,
With a down, &c.

You so much oblige me in what you now say,
I hope in Return I shall find out a Way,
Such generous Kindness with Thanks to repay,
With a down, &c.

This being agreed on, both Sides did consent,
To put the Glass round, and the Evening was spent
In Mirth and good Cheer, then to Bed they all
went,
With a down, &c.

No sooner in Bed then, but with a bold Grace,
Wait, full of Desire, thus open'd the Case,
Dear Madam, says he, I must---then did embrace,
With a down, &c.

Confounded she lay, and not able to speak,
To think how these Wags had deceiv'd her and
Dick,

But at last she was pleas'd with the Frolick and
Trick,

With a down, &c.

He pleas'd her so well, that transported she lay,
Contriving and plotting for his longer Stay,
Which thus to her Husband she form'd the next
Day,

With a down, &c.

This Lady, my Dearest, last Night, full of Grief,
Oft hugg'd me, and told me, I can't, for my Life,
Consent, tho' I've promis'd him, to be his Wife,

With a down, &c.

To Morrow (said she) and then freely went on,
Tho' I love him, my Heart's tells me I must be
gone,

If so, the poor Man, you know may be undone,

With a down, &c.

Now how to prevent this I'll think of a Ways:
If I can persuade her some time here to stay,
And that's a good Office, I'm sure you will say,

With a down, &c.

'Tis so, my dear Creature, pray-do what you can,
To please her, and bring her to Humour again,
And I'll do my best to divert the poor Man,

With a down, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 153

The Plot so well taken, made both their Hearts
bound,

All Night, and all Day too, whenever they found
Convenience for Pastime, her Pleasure he crown'd,
With a down, &c.

And thus my Friend *Watt* his full Swing did ob-
tain,

The Wife too in Transport a whole Week did
reign,

And the Man, ne'er the worse, had his Mare back
again,
With a down, &c.

S O N G CXXXV.

PHILLIS, the fairest of Love's Foes,
Tho' fiercer than a Dragon,

Phillis, that scorn'd the powder'd Beaus,

What has she now to brag on?

What has she now to brag on?

What has she, &c.

So long she kept her Limbs so close,

Till they had ne'er a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, the wretched Maid

Did sad Complaints begin,

Which surly *Strepson* hearing, said,

It was both Shame and Sin,

It was both Shame and Sin,

It was both, &c.

To pity such a lazy Jade,

Who'd neither kiss nor spin.

SONG CXXXVI.

WHEN as Corruption hence d.d go,
 And left the Nation free,
 When Ay said ay, and No said no,
 Without a Place or Fee;
 Then *Satan*, thinking things went ill,
 Sent forth his Spirit, call'd *Quadrille*;
Quadrille, Quadrille, Quadrille.
Kings, Queens, and Knaves, made up his Pack,
 And four fair Suits he wore,
 His Troops they were with red and black
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
 And ev'ry House, go where you will,
 Is haunted by this Imp, *Quadrille*.
 Sure Cards he has for ev'ry thing,
 Which well Court-Cards they name,
 And, Statesman-like, calls in the *King*,
 To help out a bad Game;
 But if the Parties manage ill,
 The *King* is forc'd to lose *Codille*.
 When two and two were met of old,
 Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
 They were in *Cupid's* Books enroll'd,
 And call'd a *Party Quarree*;
 But now, meet when and where you will,
 A *Party Quarree* is *Quadrille*.
 The Commoner, the Knight and Peer,
 Men of all Ranks and Fame,

Leave to their Wives the only Care
To propagate their Name;
And well that Duty they fulfil,
While the good Husband's at *Quadrille*.

When Patient lies in piteous Case,
In comes th' Apothecary,
And to the Doctor cries, alas!
Non debes Quadrillare;
The Patient dies without a Pill,
For why? the Doctor's at *Quadrille*.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
The *Muscovite* grow louder,
Britain, to curb her Neighbours proud,
Would want both Ball and Powder;
Must want both Sword and Gun to kill,
For why? the Gen'ral's at *Quadrille*.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,
(Thank God, 'twas not in Wrath)
And made of many a 'Squire and Lord,
An unwash'd Knight of *Bath*;
What are these Feats of Arms and Skill,
They're but nine Partics at *Quadrille*.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe's* Eyes;
'Twas call'd, in *Post-Boy* and *Gazette*,

The *Quadruple Allies*:
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this Party at *Quadrille*.

And now God save this noble Realm,
And God save eke *Hanover*,

156 *A Select COLLECTION*

And God save those who hold the Helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His Subjects must play at *Quadrille*.

S O N G CXXXVII.

TO Lordlings proud I tune my Song,
Who feast in Bow'r or Hall;
Tho' Dukes they be, yet Dukes shall see
That Pride will have a Fall.

Now that this same it is right sooth,
Full plain it doth appear,
From what befel *John Duke of Guise*,
And *Nic of Lancastere*.

When *Richard Cœur de Lyon* reign'd,
(Which means a Lyon's Heart)
Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd,
Each play'd a Lyon's Part.

A Word and Blow was then enough,
Such Honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your Check, a Cuff,
And if your A——e, a Kick.

Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Nose,
At ev'ry Turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your Toes;
They fought from Head to Foot.

Of these, the Duke of *Lancastere*
Stood Paramount in Pride;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 157

He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod
His Foes and Friends beside.

Firm on his Front his Beaver sat,
So broad, it hid his Chin;
For why? he thought no Man his Mate,
And fear'd to tan his Skin.

With *Spanish* Wool he dy'd his Cheek,
With Essence oil'd his Hair;
No vixen Civet-Cat more sweet,
Nor more cou'd scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Tho' made full short by G--d;
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod,

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonair
To *Guise's* Duke was he;
Never was such a loving Pair,
Why did they disagree?

Oh! thus it was, he lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him;
And having no Friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate Quill,
And thus he did invite:
This Eve at Whisk ourself will play,
Sir Duke be here to Night.

Ah no! ah no! the guileless *Guise*
Demurely did reply;

158 *A Select COLLECTION*

I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So fore the Gout have I.

The Duke in Wrath call'd for his Steeds,
And fiercely drove them on ;
Lord ! Lord ! how rattled then thy Stones,
O Kingly *Kensington* !

All in a trice on *Guise* he rush'd,
Thrust out his Lady dear ;
He tweak'd his Nose, trod on his Toes,
And smote him on the Ear.

But mark ! how, 'midst of Victory,
Fate shews an old Dog-trick ;
Up leap'd Duke *John*, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell Duke *Nic*.

Alas, oh *Nic* ! oh *Nic*, alas !
Right did thy Gossip call thee ;
As who shall say, alas ! the Day,
When *John* of *Guise* shall maul thee :

For on thee did he clap his Chair,
And on that Chair did sit ;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do what was not fit.

Up did'st thou look, oh woful Duke ?
Thy Mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes, for fear of finding there
A T——d instead of Trope.

“ Lie there, thou Caitiff vile (quoth *Guise*)
“ No Sheet is here to save thee,

" The Casement it is shut likewise,
 " Beneath my Feet I have thee.

" If thou hast aught to say, now speak;
 " Then *Lancastere* did cry,

" Know'st thou not me, nor yet thy self,
 " Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
 " Have bawl'd and quarrell'd more

" Than all the Line of *Lancastere*
 " That battled heretofore?

" In Senates fam'd for many a Speech,
 " And what some Awe must give ye,
 " Tho' laid thus low beneath thy Breech,
 " Still of the Council Privy :

" Still of the Duchy Chancellor,
 " *Durante* Life I have it,

" And turn (as now thou do'st on me)
 " Mine A——e on them that gave it.

But now the Servants they rush'd in,
 And Duke *Nic* up leap'd he;

" I will not cope against such Odds,
 " But, *Guise*, I'll fight with thee.

" To morrow with thee will I fight
 " Under the Green-wood Tree:

" No, not to morrow, but to night

" (*Quoth Guise*) I'll fight with thee.

160 *A Select COLLECTION*

And now the Sun declining low
 Bestreak'd with Blood the Skies,
 When with his Sword at Saddle-bow
 Rode forth the valiant *Guise*.

Full gently pranc'd he on the Lawn,
 Oft roul'd his Eyes around,
 And from his Sterrup stretch'd to find
 Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the Blade in Air,
 Long look'd the Field all o'er,
 At length he spy'd the merry Men brown,
 And eke the Coach and Four.

From out the Boot bold *Nicholas*
 Did wave his Wand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy Glade
 Whereat he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful Hour so calm
 Was *Lancastere* to see,
 As if he meant to take the Air,
 Or only take a Fee.

And so he did; for to *New Court*
 His trowling Wheels they run,
 Not that he shunn'd the doubtful Strife;
 But Bus'ness must be done.

Back in the dark, by *Brumpton Park*,
 He turn'd up thro' the *Ghore*,
 So slunk to *Campden-House* so high,
 All in his Coach and Four.

Mean while Duke *Guise* did fret and fume,
 A Sight it was to see,
 Benumm'd beneath the Ev'ning Dew,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

Then wet and weary home he far'd,
 Sore mutt'ring all the way,
 The Day I meet *Nic*, he shall rue
 The Cudgel of that Day.

Mean time on ev'ry Pissing-post
 Paste we this Recreant's Name,
 So that each Pisser-by shall read,
 And piss against the same.

Now God preserve our gracious King,
 And grant his Nobles all
 May learn this Lesson from Duke *Nic*,
 That Pride will have a Fall.

SONG CXXXVIII.

A Quire of bright Beauties
 In Spring did appear,
 To chuse a *May-Lady*
 To govern the Year;
 All the Nymphs were in white,
 And the Shepherds in green,
 The Garland was given,
 And *Phillis* was Queen,

162 *A Select* COLLECTION

But *Phillis* refus'd it,
 And sighing did say,
 I'll not wear a Garland
 While *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 Are fled from the Shore,
 The Graces are banish'd,
 And Love is no more:
 The soft God of Pleasure
 That warm'd our Desires,
 Has broken his Bow,
 And extinguish'd his Fires;
 And vows that himself
 And his Mother will mourn,
 Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 In Triumph return.

Forbear your Addresses,
 And court us no more,
 For we will perform
 What the Deity swore:
 But if you dare think
 Of deserving our Charms,
 Away with your Sheep-hooks,
 And take to your Arms:
 Then Laurels and Myrtles
 Your Brows shall adorn;
 When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 In Triumph return.

S O N G CXXXIX.

He. **W** Here Oxen do low,
And Apples Trees grow:

Where Corn is sown,

And Grass is mown;

Where Pigeons do fly,

And Rooks nestle high,

Fate, give me for Life a Place?

She. Where Hay is well cock'd,

And Udders are stroak'd;

Where Duck and Drake

Cry, quack, quack, quake;

Where Turkeys lay Eggs,

And Swine suckle Pigs;

Oh! there I would pass my Day.

He. On nought we will feed,

But what we can breed.

She. And wear on our Backs

The Wool of our Flocks;

And tho' Linnen feel

Rough spun from the Wheel,

'Tis cleanly, tho' coarse it comes.

He. Town Follies and Cullies,

And Mollies and Dollies,

For ever adieu and for ever.

She. Beaus, that in Boxes

Lie smugg'ling their Doxies,

With Wigs that hang down to their Bums.

He. Goodb'w'ye to the Mall,
 The Park and Canal,
 St. James's Square,
 And Flaunters there,
 The Gaming-House too,
 Where high Dice and low
 Are manag'd by all Degrees.

She. Adieu to the Knight.
 Was bubbl'd last Night;
 That keeps a Blowze,
 And beats his Spouse,
 And then in great Haste,
 To pay what h'as lost,
 Sends home to cut down his Trees.

He. And well fare the Lad
 Improves ev'ry Clod,
 Who ne'er set his Hand
 To Bill or to Bond:
 She. Nor barter his Flocks
 For Wine or the Pox,
 To chouse him of half his Day.

He. But Fishing and Fowling,
 And Hunting and Bowling,
 His Pastime is ever and ever:

She. Whose Lips, when ye buss 'em,
 Smell like the Bean Blossom;
 Oh! he it's shall have my Praise.

He. To Taverns where goes
 Sour Apples and Sloes,
 A long Adieu!
 And Farewel too:

of ENGLISH SONGS. 169

The House of the Great,
Whose Cook has no Meat,
And Butler can't quench my Thirst.

She. Farewel to the Change,
Where Rantipoles range;

Farewel, cold Tea,

And Ratafee,

Hide-Park, where Pride

In Coaches ride,

Altho' they bechoak'd with Dust.

He. Farewel the Law-Gown,

The Plague of the Town,

And Foes of the Crown,

That should be run down:

She. With City Jack-daws,

That make Staple Laws,

To measure by Yards and Ells:

He. Stock-jobbers and Swobbers,

And Packers and Tackers,

For ever adieu and for ever:

We know what you're doing,

And home we are going;

And so you may ring your Bells.

S O N G CXL.

WHEN *Chloe* we ply,
We swear we shall die,
Her Eyes do our Hearts so enthrall;

But 'tis for her Pelf,
 And not for her self;
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Maidens are coy,
 They'll pish and they'll fie:
 And swear if you're rude, they will call:
 But whisper so low,
 By which you may know,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear, the Wives cry,
 If ever you die,
 To marry again I ne'er shall;
 But less than a Year
 Will make it appear,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

In Matters of State,
 And Party Debate,
 For Church and for Justice we bawl:
 But if you'll attend,
 You'll find in the End,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

SONG CXLI.

TRansported with Pleasure,
 I gaze on my Treasure,
 And ravish my Sight;

While she gayly smiling,
My Anguish beguiling,
Augments my Delight.

How blest is the Lover
Whose Torments are over,
His Fears and his Pains;
When Beauty relenting
Repays with consenting
Her Scorn and Disdain.

S O N G CXLII.

MY Friend and I we drank whole Piss-pots
Full of Sack up to the Brim:
I drank to my Friend, and he drank his Pot,
So we put about the Whim.
Three Bottles and a Quart,
We swallow'd down our Throat,
(But hang such puny Sips as these) ;
We laid us all along
With our Mouths unto the Bung,
And tipp'd whole Hogsheds off with ease.

I heard of a Fop that drank whole Tankards,
Stil'd himself the Prince of Sots :
But I say now, hang such Silly Drunkards,
Melt their Flaggons, break their Pots,
My Friend and I did join
For a Cellar full of Wine,
And we drank the Vintner out of Doors;

We drank it all up,
 In a Morning, at a Sup.
 And greedily roam'd about for more.

My Friend to me did make this Motion,
 Let us to the Vintage skip,
 Then we embark'd upon the Ocean,
 Where we found a *Spanish Ship*,
 Deeply laden with Wine
 That was superfine,
 The Sailors swore five Hundred Tun,
 We drank it all at Sea,
 Ere we came unto the Key,
 And the Merchant swore he was quite undone.

My Friend not having quench'd his Thirst,
 Said, let us to the Vineyards haste;
 Strait then we sail'd to the *Canaries*,
 Which afforded just a Taste;
 From thence unto the *Rhine*,
 Where we drank up all the Wine,
 Till *Bacchus* cry'd, hold, ye Sots, or ye die:
 And swore he never found
 In his universal Round,
 Such thirsty Souls as my Friend and I.

Out, fie! cries one, what a Beast he makes him,
 He can neither stand nor go;
 Out, you Beast you, you're mistaken,
 Whene'er knew you a Beast drink so?
 'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a Beast:

But when we carouse it fix in Hand,
 'Tis then, and only then,
 That we drink the most like Men,
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

S O N G CXLIII.

She. **P**RAY now *John* let *Jug* prevail,
 Doff thy Sword, and take a Flail;
 Wounds and Blows, and scorching Heat,
 Will abroad be all you'll get.
He. 'Oons! you are mad, ye simple Jade,
 Be gone, and don't prate.
She. How think ye I shall do with *Hob* and *Sue*,
 And all our Brats, when wanting you?
He. When I am rich with Plunder,
 Thou my Gain shalt share.
She. My Share will be but small, I fear,
 When bold Dragoons have been pickeering there,
 And the Flay-flints, the *Germans* stript 'em bare.
He. Mind your Spinning,
 Mend your Linnen,
 Look to your Cheese you,
 Your Pigs and your Geese too.
She. No, no, I'll out with you.
He. Blood and Fire, if you tire
 Thus my Patience
 With Vexations and Narrations,
 Thumping, thumping, thumping
 Is the fatal Word, *Joan*.

170 *A Select COLLECTION*

She. Do, do, I'm good at thumping too,

He. Morblicu! that Huff shall never do.

She. Come, come, *John*, let's buss and be Friends,

Thus still, thus Love's Quarrel ends;

I my Tongue sometimes let run,

But alas! I soon have done.

He. 'Tis well you're quash'd,

You'd else been thrash'd,

Sure as my Name is *John*.

She. Yet fain I'd know for what

You're all so hot,

To go fight where nothing's got.

He. Fortune will prove kind, and we shall then
grow great.

She. Grow great! and want both Drink and Meat,

And Coin, unless the pimper'd *French* you beat:

Ah *John*! take Care *John*! and learn more Wit.

He. Dare you prate still,

At this Rate still,

And like a Vermin,

Grudge me Preferment,

She. You'll beg, or get a Wooden-Leg.

He. Nay, if Bawling,

Catterwawling,

Tittle-tattle,

Prittle-prattle,

Still must rattle;

I'll be gone, and strait abroad.

She. Do, do, and so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,

Jug too, and all the ragged Crew.

S O N G CXLVI.

ONE April Morn, when from the Sea
Phœbus, was just appearing,
Damon and *Calia*, young and gay,
 Long settled Love endearing;
 Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen.
 On Parents unrelenting;
 He bred of *Tory* Race had been,
 She of the Tribe Dissenting.

Calia, whose Eyes outshone the God
 Newly the Hills adorning,
 Told him, *Mamma* would be stark mad,
 She missing Pray'rs that Morning;
Damon, his Arm around her Waist,
 Swore that nought should them sunder,
 Shou'd my rough *Dad* know how I'm blest,
 'Twould make him roar like Thunder.

Great ones by Ambition blind,
 By Faction still support it:
 Or where vile Money taints the Mind,
 They for Convenience court it:
 But mighty Love, that scorns to shew
 Party shall raise his Glory,
 Swears he'll exalt his Vassal true,
 Let him be *Whig* or *Tory*.

S O N G CXLV.

LAST Sunday at St. James's Pray'rs,
 The Prince and Princess by,
 I, dress'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,
 Sat in a Closet nigh.

I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,
 Read all the Answers o'er;
 But was prevented by a Look,
 Which pierc'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to use,
 With the devoutest Care,
 Which gay young *Strephon* made me lose,
 And all the Raptures there.

He went to hand me to my Chair,
 And bow'd with courtly Grace;
 But whisper'd Love into mine Ear,
 Too warm for that grave Place.

Love, Love, said he, by all ador'd,
 My tender Heart has won:
 But I grew peevish at the Word,
 Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of Sight, while I
 A kinder Answer meant;
 Nor did I for my Sins, that Day,
 By half so much repent.

S O N G CXLVI.

He. **S**ince Times are so bad, I must tell thee,
Sweetheart,

I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart,
And to the fair City a Journey I'll go,

To better my Fortune, as other Folks do :

Since some have from Ditches,

And coarse Leather Breeches,

Been rais'd to be Rulers,

And wallow'd in Riches,

Prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel,

For if the Gypsies don't lye,

I shall be a Governour too e'er I die.

She. Ah Colin ! by all thy late Doings I find,

With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind.

Our Sheep now at random disorderly run,

And now Sunday's Jacket goes every Day on :

Ah ! what do'st thou, what do'st thou, what do'st
thou mean ?

He. To make my Shoes clean,

And foot it to Court to the King and the Queen,

Where shewing my Parts, I Preferment shall win.

She. Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin ;

For, as to the Court, when thou happen'st to try,

Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou can'st
buy :

For Money, the Devil and all's to be found,

But no good Parts minded without the good
Pound.

174 *A Select* COLLECTION

He. Why then I'll take Arms, and follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour, that now-a-days plaguily charms.

She. And so lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow,
And curse thy self after for leaving the Plough.

He. Suppose I turn Gamester?

She. And cheat and be bang'd.

He. What think'st of the Road then?

She. The high way to be hang'd.

He. Nice Pimping howe'er yields Profit for Life;
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.

She. That's dangerous too

Amongst the Town-Crew;

For some of them will do

The same thing by you;

And then I too cuckold ye may be drawn in:
Faith, *Colin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

He. Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the
Law?

She. O while you live, *Colin*, keep out of that Paw!

He. I'll cant and I'll pray,

She. And there's nought got that way;

'There's no one minds now what those black Cat-
tle say:

Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair;

He. To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-
Trees bear.

Both. Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can
show.

She. So I'll to my Distaff.

He. And I'll to my Plough.

Both again. Let all our whole Care, &c.

SONG CXLVII.

Leave off this foolish prating,
Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,
But drink your Glafs,
Round let it pass,
The Bottle stands before ye;
Fill it up to the Top,
Let the Night with Joy be crown'd,
Drink about, see it out,
Love and Friendship still go round.

If Claret be a Blessing,
This Night devote to Pleasure;
Let worldly Cares
And State Affairs,
Be thought on at more Leisure:
Fill it up to the Top,
Let the Night with Joy be crown'd,
Drink about, see it out,
Love and Friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous
To be a Party-minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll soon agree,
And be of one Opinion:
Fill your Glafs, name your Lasse,
See her Health go sweetly round,
Drink about, see it out,
Let the Night with Joy be crown'd.

SONG CXLVIII.

A Nymph of the Plain
By a jolly young Swain,
By a jolly young Swain,
Was address'd to be kind:
But relentless I find
To his Pray'rs she appear'd,
Tho' himself he endear'd
In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet;
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her;
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot express;
But he lov'd to Excess,
And swore he should die
If she would not comply,
In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet;
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

While Blushes like Roses,
Which Nature composes,
Which Nature composes,
Vermilion'd her Face,
With an Ardour and Grace,
Which her Lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd,
In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet;
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 177

When wak'd from the Joy
Which their Souls did employ,
Which their Souls did employ,
From her ruby warm Lips
Thousand Odours he sips,
At the Sight of her Eyes,
He faints and he dies,
In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

But how they shall part
Now becomes all their Smart,
Now becomes all their Smart,
'Till he vow'd to the Fair,
That to ease his own Care,
He would see her again,
And till then be in Pain,
Is a Mannner so soft, so engaging and sweet;
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

SONG CXLIX.

WHEN bright *Aurelia* tript the Plain,
How chearful then was seen
The Looks of every jolly Swain,
That strove *Aurelia's* Heart to gain,
With Gambols on the Green?

Their Sports were innocent and gay,
Mixt with a manly Air;

178. *A Select COLLECTION*

They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,
Each strove to please some different way
This dear enchanting Fair.

Th' ambitious Strife she did admire,
And equally approve,
'Till *Phaon's* tuneful Voice and Lyre
With softest Musick did inspire
Her Soul to gen'rous Love.

Their wonted Sport the rest declin'd,
Their Arts prov'd all in vain;
Aurelia's constant now they find,
The more they languish and repine,
The more she loves the Swain.

S O N G C L.

She. **A**H! Love, if a God thou wilt be,
Do Justice in Favour of me;
For yonder approaching I see
A Man with a Beard,
Who, as I have heard,
Has often undone
Poor Maids that have none,
With sighing, and toying,
And crying, and lying,
And such kind of Foolery.

He. Fair Maid, by your Leave,
My Heart does receive
Strange Pleasure to meet you here;

Pray tremble not so,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do you no Harm, I swear,
I'll do you no Harm, I swear.

She. My Mother is spinning at Home,
My Father works hard at the Loom,
And we are a milking come;
Their Dinner they want,
Then pray ye, Sir, don't
Make more ado on't,
Nor give us Affront;
We're none of the Town
Will lie down for a Crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us Room.

He. By *Phœbus*, by *Jove*,
By Honour, by Love,
I'll do thee, dear Sweet, no harm;
Thou'rt fresh as a Rose,
I want one of those;
Ah! how such a Wife would charm!
Ah! how such a Wife would charm!

She. And can you then like the old Rule,
Be conjugal, honest and dull,
And marry, and look like a Fool?
For I must be plain,
All Tricks are in vain;
There's nothing can gain
What you would obtain,
Like moving and proving
By Wedding, true loving,
My Lesson I learnt at School.

180 *A Select COLLECTION*

He. I'll do't by this Hand,
I've Houses and Land,
Estate too in good Free hold;
My Dear, let us join,
It all shall be thine,
Besides a good Purse of Gold,
Besides a good Purse of Gold. —

She. You make me now blush, I vow;
Ah me! shall I baulk my Cow?
But since the late Oath you have sworn,
Your Soul shall not be
In Danger for me;
I'll rather agree
Of two to make three:
We'll wed, and we'll bed,
There's no more to be said,
And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

S O N G C L I.

HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
That curbing Disease of the Mind?
Can indulge ev'ry Taste,
Love where we like best,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.

When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
And have Crouds of new Lovers still wooing;

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 181

When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in ev'ry Age we are doing.

If a Cully we meet,
We spend what we get,
Ev'ry Day for the next never think;
When we die, where we go,
We have no Sense to know,
For a Bawd always dies in her Drink.

SONG CLII.

A *Tory*, a *Whig*, and a *Moderate Man*,
O'er a Tub of strong Ale,
Met in *Aylesbury Vale*,
Where there liv'd a plump Lass they call'd buxom
Nan:

The *Tory* a *Londoner* proud and high,
The *Whig* was a *Tradesman* plaguy fly;
The *Trimmer* a *Farmer*, but merry and dry,
And thus they their Suit began.

Pretty *Nancy*, we're come to put in our Claim,
Resolv'd upon *Wedlock's* pleasing Game;

Here's *Jacob* the big,
And *William* the *Whig*,
And *Roger* the Gigg,

Jolly Lads as e'er were buckled in Girdles fast;
Say which you will chuse
To tye with a Noose,

NUMB. III. R

182 *A Select COLLECTION*

For a Wife we must carry whate'er comes on't;
 Then think upon't,
 You'll ne'er be sorry when y'have don't,
 Nor like us the worse for our wooing so blunt,
 Then tell us who pleases best.

The Lass who was not of the Motion shy,
 The ripe Years of her Life
 Being Twenty and Five,
 To the Words of her Lovers strait made reply.
 I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,
 And I know too you like my Copy-hold;
 And since Fortune favours the brisk and the bold,
 One of you I mean to try.
 But I'm not for you, nor *Sachev'rel's* Cause,
 Nor you with your *Hoashly's* Hums and Haw's:
 No *Jacob* the big,
 Nor *William* the *Whig*,
 But *Roger* the Grigg,
 With his Mirth and Mildness happily please me
 'Tis him I will chuse [can,
 For the conjugal Noose;
 So that you the Church-Bully may save and rant,
 And you may cant,
 Till both are imprach'd in Parliament;
 'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want;
 So I'm for the *Mod'rate Man*.

The *Tory* I hate for his Blust'ring Noise,
 And the canting young *Whig*,
 Be he never so big,
 I'll never be catch'd in his sly Decoys;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 183

For I mean to marry one to my Mind,
Not one that is turning with every Wind;
The Man that is merry, with me he shall find
A Million of golden Joys:
But I'm not for you of the hectoring Breed,
Nor you that can grumble where there is no need;
No *Jacob* the big,
Nor *William* the *Whig*,
But *Roger* the *Grigg*,
With his jolly Humours happy I hope to be;
To him I'll be ty'd,
As a beautiful Bride;
Therefore you the Church Bully may curse your
Whigs cant and prate, [Fate,
Whilst *Britain* enjoys a happy State,
Which Blessing, alas! we have wanted of late,
A *Moderate Man* for me.

SONG CLIII.

PEGGY in Devotion
Bred from tender Years,
From my loving Motion
Still was call'd to Pray'rs.

I made muckle Bustle
Love's dear Fort to win;
But the Kirk Apostle
Told her 'twas a Sin.

184 *A Select* COLLECTION

Fasting and Repentance,
And such whining Cant,
With the Doomsday Sentence,
Frighted my young Saint.

He taught her the Duty
Heav'nly Joys to know;
I, who lik'd her Beauty,
Taught her those below.

Nature took my Part still,
Sense did Reason blind,
That, for all his Art still,
She to me inclin'd.

Strange Delights hereafter
Did so dull appear,
She, as I had taught her,
Vow'd to share 'em here.

Faith, 'tis worth your Laughter,
'Mongst the canting Race,
Neither Son nor Daughter
Ever yet had Grace.

Peggy, on the *Sunday*,
With her Daddy vext,
Came to me on *Monday*,
And forgot his Text.



SONG CLIV.

AH, how sweet it is to love !
 Ah, how gay is young Desire !
 And what pleasing Pains we prove,
 When first we feel a Lover's Fire !
 Pains of Love are sweeter far
 Than all other Pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
 Do but gently heave the Heart :
 E'en the Tears they shed alone,
 Cure, like trickling Balm, their Smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their Breath,
 Bleed away an easy Death.

Love and Time with Rev'rence use,
 Treat 'em like a parting Friend ;
 Nor the golden Gifts refuse
 Which in Youth sincere they send :
 For each Year their Price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like Spring-tides, full and high,
 Swells in ev'ry youthful Vein ;
 But each Tide does less supply,
 'Till they quite shrink in again ;
 If a Flow in Age appear,
 'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

SONG CLV.

A Pollo I will not implore,
 For he in Fables deals;
 And eke that Man I do abhor,
 Who wrote the *Persian Tales*.
 Whoe'er of *February* last,
 Of *Flying-Post* the News saw,
 Did read with Terror much aghast
 The Monster of *Ragusa*.
 How *Proteus* left his wat'ry Couch,
 The *Pagan* Poets tell;
 He had more Shapes than *Scaramouch*,
 And in the Deep did dwell.
 Their *Proteus* and his Flock so fair,
 Their *Neptune* and their *Triton*,
 If with this Giant you compare,
 Are Monsters you may sh— on.
 His Stature it is wond'rous high,
 High as the Tow'r of *Babel*;
 So that his Head propt up the Skie,
 Is must high-ly probable.
 On a Whale's Back he sat full fast,
 A Dolphin was his Dog;
 With Cable Rope, ty'd to a Mast,
 His Whale he oft did flog.
 Beneath his Arms did Mussels cling,
 And Congers suck each Pap:
 Behind his Buttocks hung two Ling,
 That always went *flip-flap*.

Oysters about him stuck like Warts,
Eels twist'd round his Tail,
Crabs clamber'd up his privy Parts,
Which he crack'd on his Nail.

His very sneezing shook the Shore,
He cough'd the Ground assunder;
His Voice was like the Cannon's Roar,
And he broke Wind like Thunder.

None did him see, that stood him near,
Or knew the Words he said;
For few could see, and few could hear,
Since all the Folks were dead.

O Monster! Monster! who could know
The Words that from thee came?

Rome and *Jerusalem* also
Both heard and told the same.

Much he of *Antichrist* held forth,
And much of the *Pretender*:

Much of a Monarch in the North,
That once did lodge at *Bender*.

He talked of the King of *France*,
Of *English Whig* and *Tory*;

And how their Jars do much advance
Great Britain's Pow'r and *Glory*!

The Pope's the Whore of *Babylon*,
The *Turk* he is a *Jew*;

The Christian is an Infidel,
That sitteth in a *Pew*.

And yet the Pope shall Christian turn,
In Hopes of his Salvation,

Ch: XII.

Asgil likewise, and *Toland*, burn
At Stake for Revelation.

'Gainst Paint and Play houses he spoke,
Hoop-petticoats and Tea,
And Vintners vile, that poison Folk,
And Snuff, and Sodomy.

This said, he back to Sea did slip,
(But first eat fifty Muttons)
And of his Tail cock'd up the Tip;
Long as the Worm at *Button*'s.

O *B——n*! do not advertise,
Nor thy huge Worm so brag on;
This Giant voided, of vast Size,
A mighty flying Dragon.
And tho' his Belly made great Roar,
And rais'd the Tempest louder,
'Tis said he never knew *John Moor*,
Nor swallow'd his Worm-powder.

SONG CLVI.

AS he lay in the Plain,
His Arm under his Head,
And his Flock feeding by,
The fond *Celadon* said,
If Love's a sweet Passion,
Why does it torment?
If a bitter (said he)
Whence are Lovers content?

of ENGLISH SONGS. 189

Since I suffer with Pleasure,
Why should I complain,
Or grieve at my Fate,
When I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the Pain is,
So soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me
And tickles my Heart.
To my self I sigh often,
Without knowing why,
And when absent from *Phillis*,
Methinks I could die:
But oh! what a Pleasure
Still follows my Pain,
When kind Fortune does help me
To see her again.
In her Eyes (the bright Stars
That foretel what's to come)
By soft Stealth, now and then
I examine my Doom.
I grasp her Hand gently,
Look languishing down,
And by passionate Silence
I make my Love known.
But oh! how I'm blest,
When so kind she does prove,
By some willing Mistake
To discover her Love;
When, in striving to hide,
She reveals all her Flame,

And our Eyes tell each other

What neither dare name:

How pleasant is Beauty !

How sweet are the Charms !

How delightful Embraces !

How peaceful her Arms !

Sure there's nothing so easy

As learning to love,

It's taught us on Earth,

And by all things above ;

And to Beauty's bright Standard

All Heroes must yield,

For 'tis Beauty that conquers,

And wins the fair Field.

SONG CLVII.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark Midnight,
And all was fast asleep,
In glided *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was like the *April Morn*,
Clad in a wint'ry Cloud,
And Clay-cold was her *Lily Hand*,
That held the sable Shroud.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown ;
Such is the Robe that Kings most wear,
When Death has rest their Crown.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 191

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r
That sips the silver Dew ;
The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
And op'ning to the View.

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
Consum'd her early Prime:
The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

Awake, ~~the~~ cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave ;
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid
Thy Love refus'd to save.

This is the mirk and fearful Hour,
Which injur'd Ghosts complain;
Now dreary Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithless Swain.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath,
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

How could you say my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forsake!
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break!

How could you promise Love to me,
And not that promise keep!

192 *A Select* COLLECTION

Why did you swear mine Eyes were bright,
Yet leave those Eyes to weep!

How could you say my Lips were sweet,
And made the Scarlet pale!
And why did I, young witless Maid,
Believe the flatt'ring Tale!

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
These Lips no longer red;
Dark are mine Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is,
This Winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our Night,
'Till that last Morn appear.

But hark! the Clock has warn'd me hence;
A long and last Adieu!
Come see, false Man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

Now Birds did sing, and Morning smile,
And shew her glist'ring Head;
Pale *William* shook in ev'ry Limb,
Then, raving, left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where *Marg'et's* Body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green Grass Turf,
That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret's* Name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,
And Word spake never more.

SONG CLVIII.

Confound those dull Fools,
Who, for Coffee or Tea,
Do fly the Delights
Of true *Burgundy*.

Hot Water can never
Dull Humours expel!
For our Parts, Boys, let's
Away to the Bell.

To our Mistresses Healths
Let's take off our Glasses,
And laugh at those Tea-drinking
Politick Asses.

SONG CLIX.

AN elderly Lady, whose bulky squat Figure,
By Hoop and white Damask, was render'd
much bigger,
Without Hood, and bare-neck'd, to the Park did
repair,
To shew her new Clothes, and to take the fresh
Air.

S

194 *A Select* COLLECTION

Her Shape, her Attire, rais'd a Shout and loud
Laughter:

Away waddles Madam, the Mob hurries after.
Quoth a Wag then, observing the noisy Crowd
follow,

As she came with a Hoop, she is gone with a
Hallow.

SONG CLX.

IN Kent, so fam'd of old,
Near by the pleasant *Knold*,
A Swain a Goddess told
An amorous Story;
Saying, in these jarring Days,
When Kings contend for Bays,
Your Love my Soul does raise
Above its Glory.

My Life, my lovely Dear,
Whilst you are smiling here,
The Plants and Flow'rs appear
Most sweetly charming:
The Sun may cease to shine,
And all its Pow'rs resign,
Your Eyes dart Rays divine,
All Nature warming.

Then, leaning on her Breast,
He clasp'd her lovely Waist,
With Words endearing prest,
No Thought of harming;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 195

At which the blushing Maid,
Thus, sighing, to him said,
My foolish Heart's betray'd,
By Words so charming.

Near by there was a Grove,
A proper Place for Love,
To which this Couple move,
Alike desiring;
She fell into his Arms,
And said take all my Charms,
Love beats his last Alarms,
I'm just expiring.

S O N G CLXI.

W Hile the Lover is thinking,
With my Friend I'll be drinking,
And with Vigour pursue my Delight;
While the Fool is designing
His fatal Confining,
With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole Night.

With the God I'll be jolly,
Without Madness and Folly,
Fickle Woman to marry implore;
Leave my Bottle and Friend
For so foolish an End!
When I do, may I never drink more.

SONG CLXII.

A Pox on such Fools, let the Scoundrels rail,
 Let 'em boast of their Liberty:
 They're no freer than we, for the Worl'ds a Goal,
 And all Men Prisoners be.

The Drunkard's confin'd to his Claret,
 The Miser to his Store:
 The Wit to his Muse and a Garret,
 And the Cully-Cit to his Whore.

The Parson's confin'd to his Pigs,
 The Lawyer to Hatred and Strife:
 The Fidler to's Borees and Jiggs,
 And the Quack to his Glisten-Pipe:

The Church-man's confin'd to be civil,
 The Quaker's a Prisoner to Light:
 The Papist is bound to the Devil,
 And the Puritan's fetter'd with Spite.

Since old *Adam's* Race are all Pris'ners like us,
 Let us merrily quaff and sing:
 Z——, why should we pine for Liberty thus,
 When we're each of us free as a King.

SONG CLXIII.

H A N G the Presbyter Gill,
 Bring a Pint of Sack, *Will*,
 More Orthodox of the two;

Tho' a slender Dispute
Will strike the Elf mute,
He is one of the honefter Crew.

In a Pint there's small Heart;
Sirrah, bring us a Quart;
There's Substance and Vigour met;
'Twill hold us in play
Some part of the Day,
But we'll sink him before Sun-set.

The daring old Pottle
Does now bid us battle,
Let's try what his Strength can do;
Keep your Ranks and your Files,
And for all his Wiles
We'll tumble him down Stairs too.

The stout-breasted Lombard
His Brains ne'er incumber'd
With drinking of Gallons three:
Trycongius was nam'd,
And by Caesar fam'd,
Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pee.

If then Honour be in't,
Why a Pox should we stint
Ourselves of the Fulness it bears?
H'as less Wit than an Ape,
In the Blood of the Grape
Will not plunge himself o'er Head and Ears.

198 *A Select* COLLECTION

Then summon the Gallon,
A stout Foe, and a tall one,
And likely to hold us to't;
Keep but Coin in your Purse,
The Word is disburse,
I'll warrant he'll sleep at your Foot.

See the bold Foe appears,
May he fall that him fears,
Keep you but close Order, and then
We'll give him the Rout,
Be he never so stout,
And prepare for his Rallying again.

Let's drein the whole Cellar,
Pipes, Butts, and the Dweller,
If the Wine flows not the faster;
Will, when thou do'st slack us,
By Warrant from *Bacchus*,
We'll cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.

SONG CLXIV.

LOVE, the Sweets of Love
Are the Joys I must admire,
Kind and active Fire
Of a fierce Desire,
Indulge my Soul, compleat my Bliss:
But th' affected Coldness
Of *Calia* damps my Boldness;
I must bow,
Protest and vow,

And swear aloud,
I wou'd be proud,
When she with equal Ardour longs to kiss;

Bring a Bowl, then bring a jolly Bowl,
I'll quench fond Love within it,
With flowing Cups I'll raise my Soul,
And here's to the happy Minute;
For flush'd with brisk Wine,
When she's panting and warm,
And Nature, unguarded, lets loose her Mind,
In the amorous Moment the Gypsie I'll find,
Oblige her, and take her by Storm.

S O N G C L X V.

Suppose a Man does all he can
T'unslave himself from a scolding Wife,
He cannot get out, but hops about,
Like a marry'd Bird in the Cage for Life;
She, on Mischief bent, is ne'er content,
Which makes the poor Man cry out,
Rigid Fate, Marriage State,
No Reprieve but the Grave,
Oh! 'tis hard Condition.

Come, I'll tell you how this Wife to bow,
And quickly bring her to her last;
Your Senses please, indulge your Ease,
But resist no Joy, and each Humour taste,

200 *A Select* COLLECTION

Then let her squaul, and tear and bawl,
 And with Whining cry her Eyes out ;
 Take a Flask, double Flask,
 Whip it up, sip it up,
 That's your Physician.

S O N G CLXVI.

Ban. **T**HE Joys of Court or City,
 The Fame of Fair or Witty;
 Are Toys to the *Banditti*;
 Whilst our Cups we drain.

Ban. 2. We love, we laugh, we lie here,
 We eat, we drink, we die here,
 And valiantly defy here
 All the Pow'r of *Spain*.

But when by our Scout a Prize we find,
 We all run out to seize him,
 Stand, stand, we cry, or, ye Dog, ye die,
 Without any more ado.

Chorus. All this brings us no Slander,
 Each conquering great Commander,
 And mighty *Alexander*,
 Were *Banditti's* too.

Ban. 1. Some we bind, and some we gag,
 Some we strip and plunder,
 Some that have Store of Gold,
 Into our Cave we draw.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 201

Chorus. Thus, like first-moulded Matter,
Our Principles we scatter,
'Twas Folly made good Nature,
And Fear that first made Law.

Ban. 2. And when we come home, our Doxies run
To bid us kindly welcome,
Plump, fresh, and young, all down do lie
On Beds of Moss to sport.

Chorus. Thus every valiant Ranger
Lies at Rack and Manger,
And he that's past most Danger,
Has most Kisses for't.

Ban. Fools do whine, and sigh, and pine,
Fools fall sick of Fevers,
Fools doat on fleeting Joys,
That oft does Ruin bring.

Chorus. Whilst without begging Pity
Of the Wise, the Fair, or Witty,
The brave, the bold *Banditti*
Have the self same Thing.

S O N G CLXVII.

Gentle Love, this Hour befriend me,
To my Eyes resign thy Dart;
Notes of melting Musick lend me,
To dissolve a frozen Heart.

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Chill as Mountain-Snow her Bosom,
 Tho' I tender Language use;
 'Tis by cold Indifference frozen
 To my Arms, and to my Muse.

See my dying Eyes are pleading
 Where a broken Heart appears,
 For thy Pity interceding
 With the Eloquence of Tears.

While the Lump of Life is fading,
 And beneath thy Coldness dies,
 Death, my ebbing Pulse invading,
 Take my Soul into thy Eyes.

S O N G CLXVIII.

WHEN embracing my Friend,
 And quaffing *Champaign*,
 Dull phlegmatick Spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain,
 Dull phlegmatick Spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain.
 My Pleasures flow pure,
 Without Taint or Allay;
 And each Glass that I drink
 Inspires with new Joy.

My Pleasures thus heighten'd
 No Improvement receive,

But what the dear Sight
Of my *Phillis* can give.
The Charms of her Eyes,
The Force of my Wine,
Do then in harmonious Confed'racy join,
To rap me with Joys,
To rap me with Joys,
Seraphick, seraphick and divine.

S O N G CLXIX.

IT is not, *Calia*, in our Pow'r
To say how long our Love will last;
It may be we, within this Hour,
May lose those Joys we now do taste:
The blessed that immortal be,
From Change in Love are only free.

Then, since we mortal Lovers are,
Ask not how long our Love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each Minute be with Pleasure past:
Were it not Madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die.

Fear not, tho' Love and Beauty fail,
My Reason shall my Heart direct;
Your Kindness now shall then prevail,
And Passion turn into Respect;
Calia, at worst, you'll in the End
But change a Lover for a Friend.

SONG CLXX.

Man. **O**H Sight! the Mother of Desires,
What charming Objects do'st thou
yield!

'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,
To see the rosy Morning gild
The Mountain Tops, and paint the Field;
But when *Clorinda* comes in Sight,
She makes the Summer's Day more bright;
And when she goes away, 'tis Night.

Chorus. When fair *Clorinda*, &c.

Wom. 'Tis sweet the blushing Morn to view;
And Plains adorn'd with pearly Dew;
But such cheap Delights to see,
Heav'n and Nature
Give each Creature;
They have Eyes as well as we:
This is the Joy, all Joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she,

That only she we love!

Chorus. This is the Joy, &c.

Man. And if we may discover
What charms both Nymph and Lover,
'Tis when the Fair at Mercy lies,
With kind and am'rous Anguish,
To sigh, to look, to languish
On each other's Eyes!

Chorus of all. And if we may, &c.

SONG CLXXI.

Silvia, methinks you are unfit
For your great Lord's Embrace;
For tho' we all allow you Wit,
We can't a handsome Face.

Then where's the Pleasure, where's the Good,
Of spending Time and Cost?
For if your Wit ben't understood,
Your keeper's Bliss is lost.

SONG CLXXII.

WHAT art thou, Love! whence are those
Charms!
That thus thou bear'st an universal Rule?
For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,
The King turns Slave, the wise Man Fool.

In vain we chase thee from the Field,
And with cool Thoughts resist thy Yoke:
Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield,
And all those high Resolves are broke.

In vain our Nature we accuse,
And doat because she says we must:
This for a Brute were an Excuse,
Whole very Soul and Life is Lust.

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To get our Likeness, what is that?

Our Likeness is but Misery:

Why should I toil to propagate

Another thing as vile as I?

From Hands divine our Spirits came,

And God that made us did inspire

Something more noble in our Frame,

Above the Dregs of earthly Fire.

SONG CLXXIII.

A POX on the Times,

Let 'em go as they will,

Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy,

Our Hearts are our own,

And shall be so still,

Drink about, my Boys, and be merry,

Let no Man despair,

But drive away Care,

And drown all our Sorrow with Claret:

We'll never repine,

So they give us good Wine,

Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it,

We value not Chink,

Unless to buy Drink,

Or purchase us innocent Pleasure;

When 'tis gone, we ne'er fret,

So we Liquor can get,

For Mirth of itself is a Treasure,

No Miser can be
 So happy as we
 Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow;
 Day and Night he's in Fear,
 And ne'er without Care,
 While nothing disturbs the good Fellow.
 Come fill up the Glass,
 Round let it pass,
 For Nature doth *Vacuum*s decline;
 Drown the spruce formal As,
 That's afraid of his Face,
 We'll drink till our Noses do *Phæbus* outshine.
 While we've Plenty of this,
 We can ne'er do amiss,
 'Tis an Antidote 'gainst our Ruin;
 And the Lad that drinks most,
 With Honour may boast,
 He fears neither Death nor Undoing.

S O N G CLXXIV.

T WAS Fancy first made *Calia* fair;
 'Twas Fancy gave her Shape and Air;
 It robb'd the Sun, stript ev'ry Star
 Of Beauties, to bestow on her;
 And when it had the Goddess made,
 Down it fell, and worshipp'd.
 Creator first, and then a Creature;
Narcissus, and a Pail of Water.

SONG CLXXV.

WHILE in the Bow'r, with Beauty blest,
 The lov'd *Aminor* lies;
 While sinking on *Zelinda's* Breast,
 He fondly kifs'd her Eyes:

A waking Nightingale, who long
 Had mourn'd within the Shade,
 Sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song,
 And warbled thro' the Glade.

Melodious Songstresses, cry'd the Swain,
 * To Shades less happy go;
 Or, if with us thou wilt remain,
 Forbear thy tuneful Woe:

While in *Zelinda's* Arms I lie,
 To Song I am not free;
 On her soft Bosom while I sigh,
 I Discord find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect Joys:
 Then cease thy fond Intrusion:
 Be silent; Musick now is Noise,
 Variety Confusion.

SONG CLXXVI.

Silly Swain, give o'er thy Wooing,
 Sighing, gazing, kissing, cooing,
 All is very foolish Doing.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 209

All that follows after Kisses
The very best, the Bliss of Bliss,
Is as dull a Joy as this is.

Prove the Nymph, and taste her Treasure,
Tell me then, when full of Pleasure,
What dull thing thou can'st discover
Duller than a happy Lover.

S O N G CLXXVII.

FOND *Orpheus* went, as Poets tell,
To bring *Eurydice* from Hell;
There he might hope to find a Wife
The Pest and Bane of human Life.

The Damn'd from all their Pains were eas'd,
Not that his Musick so much pleas'd,
But that the Odness of the Matter
Had justly made the Wonder greater.

Pluto enrag'd, that any he
Should enter his Dominions free,
And to inflict the sharpest Pain,
Made him a Husband once again.

But yet, in Justice to his Voice;
He left it still within his Choice;
If, as a Curse, he'd not refuse her,
And taught him by a Look to lose her.

SONG CLXXVIII.

IN vain you sable Weeds put on,
 Clouds cannot long eclipse the Sun;
 Nature has plac'd you in a Sphere,
 To give us Day-light all the Year:
 'Tis well for those
 Of *Cupid's* Foes,
 That your Charms thus shrouded lie:
 For when that Night
 Puts on the Light,
 What Crowds of martyr'd Slaves will die!

SONG CLXXIX.

SMooth was the Water, calm the Air,
 The Evening Sun deprest,
 Lawyers dismiss'd the noisy Bar,
 The Labourer at Rest,
 When *Strephon*, with his charming Fair,
 Cross'd the proud River *Thames*,
 And to a Garden did repair,
 To quench their mutual Flames.

The crafty Waiter soon espy'd
 Youth sparkling in her Eyes:
 He brought no Ham, nor Neat-Tongues dry'd,
 But Cream and Strawberries.
 The am'rous *Strephon* ask'd the Maid,
 What's whiter than this Cream?

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She blush'd, and could not tell, she said:

Thy Teeth, my pretty Lamb.

What's redder than these Berries are?

I know not, she reply'd;

Those Lips which I'll no longer spare,

The burning Shepherd cry'd.

And strait began to hug her:

This Kiss, my Dear,

Is sweeter far,

Than Strawberries, Cream, and Sugar.

S O N G CLXXX.

AS fond *Philander*, in the Pit,

By fair *Ophelia* sat,

A Card, by some sly Gall'ry Wit,

Was dropt upon his Hat.

The Nymph observing, snatch'd it thence,

But blushing at the Sight,

Confess'd it had explain'd her Sense,

And brought her Love to Light.

The Swain perceiving her chang'd Look,

With sudden Rapture starts,

The Card with sweet Compulsion took,

And found it *King of Hearts*.

The King of Hearts! O Fortune blest,

Were I but such, he cry'd:

You reign already in my Breast,

She lovingly reply'd,

SONG CLXXXI.

IN *April*, when *Primroses* paint the sweet
Plain,

And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain,
The yellow-hair'd Laddie would often times go
To Wilds and deep Glens where the Haw-thorn
Trees grow;

There under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,
With Freedom he sung his Loves Evening and
Morn;

He sang with so soft and enchanting a Sound,
That Silvens and Fairies, unseen, danc'd aroun'd.

The Shepherd thus sung, tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her Beauty is dash'd by a scornful proud Air;
But *Susie* was handsome; and sweetly could sing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the
Spring.

That *Madie*, in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was inconstant, and never spoke
Truth:

But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddess that sprung from the Sea:

That *Mamma's* fine Daughter, with all her great
Dow'r,

Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would Parents agree,
The witty sweet *Susie* his Mistress might be.

S O N G CLXXXII.

FROM silent Shades, and the *Elysian* Groves,
Where sad departed Spirits mourn their
Loves ;

From Chrystal Streams, and from the Country,
where

Jove crowns the Fields with Flowers all the Year,
Poor senseless *Bess*, cloath'd in her Rags and Folly,
Is come to cure her love-sick Melancholly.

Bright *Cynthia* kept her Revels late,
While *Mab*, the Fairy Queen, did dance ;
And *Oberon* did sit in State,
When *Mars* at *Venus* run his Lance.

In yonder Cowslip lies my Dear,
Intomb'd with liquid Gems of Dew,
Each Day I'll water it with a Tear,
Its fading Blofom to renew.

For since my Love is dead,
And all my Joys are gone,
Poor *Bess*, for his sake,
A Garland will make,
My Musick shall be a Groan.

I'll lay me down and die
Within some hollow Tree,
The Raven and Cat,
The Owl and Bat
Shall warble forth my Elegy.

Did you not see my Love,
 As he past by you,
 His two flaming Eyes,
 If he comes nigh you,
 They will scorch up your Hearts,
 Ladies, beware you,
 Lest he should dart a Glance
 That may ensnare you.

Hark, hark, I hear old *Charon* bawl,
 His Boat he will no longer stay;
 The Furies lash their Whips, and call,
 Come, come away; come, come away.

Poor *Bess* will return
 To the Place whence she came,
 Since the World's so mad, she can hope for no
 Cure;
 For Love's grown a Bubble,
 Which Fools do admire, and wise Men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambrosia will I feed upon,
 Drink *Hector* still, and sing:
 Who is content,
 Does all Sorrow prevent;
 And *Bess*, in her Straw,
 Whilst free from the Law,
 In her Thoughts is as great as a King.



SONG CLXXXIII.

THE wakeful Nightingale, that takes no Rest,
While *Cupid* warms his little Breast;
All Night how sweetly he complains,
And makes us fear that Love has Pains:
No, no, no, 'tis no such thing,
For Love that makes him wakeful, makes him
sing.

SONG CLXXXIV.

THUS *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd,
Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,
Which wise *Mamma* ordain'd;
And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd
With *Abigals* forsaken?
Ketty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady *Fenny* frisk about,
And visit with her Cousins?
At Balls must she make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?
 What hidden Charms to boast,
 That all Mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

Dearest *Mamma*, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
 I'll have my Earl, as well as she,
 Or know the Reason why.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit Score,
 Make all her Lovers fall;
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
 She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd; *Mamma* gave way;
Ketty, at Heart's Desire,
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire.

SONG CLXXXV.

FLY from *Olinda*, young and fair,
 Fly from her soft engaging Air,
 And Wit, in Woman found so rare:

Altho' her Looks to Love advise,
 Her yet unconquer'd Heart denies,
 And breaks the Promise of her Eyes.

SONG CLXXXVI.

O Bserve the num'rous Stars which grace
The fair expanded Skies,
So many Charms has *Lesbia's* Face,
A thousand more her Eyes.

Whene'er the beauteous Maid appears,
We cannot but admire;
But when she speaks, she charms our Ears,
And sets our Souls on fire.

What Pity 'tis, a Creature,
By Nature form'd so fair,
Divine in ev'ry Feature,
Should give Mankind Despair.

She gazes all around her,
And gains a thousand Hearts;
But *Cupid* cannot wound her,
For she has all his Darts.

SONG CLXXXVII.

F LAVIA's Eyes, like Fires suppress'd,
More fiercely flame again,
Nor can her Beauty be decreas'd,
Or alter'd by her Pain.

Those various Charms which round her play,
And do her Face adorn,

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Still as they ripen, fall away,
Fresh Beauties still are born.

So doth it with the Lovers fare,
Who do the Dame adore;
One Fit of Love, kill'd by Despair,
Another rages more.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

Freedom is a real Treasure,
Love a Dream, all false and vain,
Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,
Sure and lasting is the Pain.

A sincere and tender Passion
Some ill Planet over-rules;
Ah, how blind is Inclination!
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

SAY, lovely *Sylvia*, lewd and fair,
Venus in Face and Mind,
Why must not I that Bounty share
You pour on all Mankind?

That Sun that shines promiscuously
On Prince and Porter's Head,
Why must it now leave only me
To languish in the Shade?

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In vain you cry, you'll sin no more.

In vain you pray and fast;
You'll ne'er persuade us, 'till threescore,

That *Sylvia* can be chaste.

When thus affectedly you cant,

You're such a young Beginner,

You make at best an aukward Saint,

That are a charming Sinner.

S O N G CXC.

WHILST the Town's brim-full of Folly,
And runs gadding after *Polly*,

Let us take a chearful Glass;

Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleasure,

Of bestowing Time and Treasure,

For to make one's self an *Ass*?

I'm for Joys are less expensive,

Where the Pleasure's more extensive,

And from dull Attention free;

Where my *Calia* o'er a Bottle,

Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle;

Sing old Songs as well as she.

S O N G CXCI.

Y Oung *Strepbon*, by his folded Sheep,
Sat wakeful on the Plains:

Love held his weary Eyes from Sleep,

While, silent in the Vale,

The list'ning Nightingale

Forgot her own, to hear his Strains.

And now the beauteous Queen of Night,
Sheds on the neighb'ring Sea her silver Light;
The neighb'ring Sea was calm and bright;
The Shepherd sung, inspir'd, and blest the lovely
Scene:

*While the Skie and Seas are shining,
See, my Flora's Charms they wear;
Secret Night, my Joys divining,
Pleas'd my amorous Tale to bear,
Smiles, and softly turns her Sphere.
While the Skie and Seas are shining,
See, my Flora's Charms they wear.*

Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy Strain,
The lovely Scene false Joy inspires:
For look, thou fond, deluded Swain,
A rising Storm invades the Main:
The Planet of the Night,
Inconstant, from thy Sight,
Behind a Cloud retires.

Flora is fled, thou lov'st in vain:

Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy Strain

*Hope beguiling,
Like the Moon and Ocean smiling,
Does thy easy Faith betray.
Flora vanishing,
Like the Moon and Ocean changing,
Move inconstant proves than they.*

SONG CXCI.

LET none be uncivil, but let a Health pass;
 Here's a cleanly Monteth to cool e'ery Glas.
 This, this is that Claret on which we are fixt,
 Of this e'ery Glas is a Whet to the next;
 Here's all that Good rightly petition'd can send,
 Here's a harmless new Jest, and a trusty old
 Friend.

About with it, dear Soul, there Jo has his Dose,
 Here's a Health, a Health to his good Repose.

SONG CXCI.

SO num'rous *Flavia's* Charms appear,
 As may her Form display
 In all the Dresses of the Year,
 And Beauties of the Day,

Calm and serene, like *Spring* her Air;
 Like *Autumn*, soft her Mold;
 Her Face, like *Summer*, blooming fair;
 Her Heart, like *Winter*, cold.

Her Bosom, *Cynthia's* full-orb'd Light;
 Her Cheeks *Noon's* Rays adorn;
 Her Tresses shew the falling *Night*;
 Her Eyes, the rising *Morn*.

SONG CXCV.

AH! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,
 And such a Light discover,
 As may the absent Sun supply,
 And cheer the drooping Lover.

Arise, my Day, with Speed arise,
 And all my Sorrows banish;
 Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes
 All gloomy Terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,
 And curse the hoarded Treasure:
 Why should you love to give us Pain,
 When you were made for Pleasure?

The petty Pow'rs of Hell destroy,
 To save's the Pride of Heaven;
 To you the first, if you prove coy,
 If kind, the last is given.

The Choice then sure's not hard to make
 Betwixt the Good and Evil;
 Which Title had you rather take,
 My Goddess, or my Devil.

SONG CXCV,

TO love and to languish,
 To sigh and complain,
 How killing's the Anguish,
 How tormenting the Pain!

Suing,
Pursuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the Curse of Disdain,
How tormenting's the Pain!
To love, &c.

S O N G CXCVI.

A H! how sweet to see Eyes
Rolling in their humid Fires,
When the Nymph extended lies,
Full of Love and warm Desires?
Conscious Red her Face o'er-spreading,
And her heaving Bosom rising;
Milky Paths to Raptures leading,
Murmuring Sighs her Joys disguising.
Happy Lovers only know
The Bliss that from consenting Lovers flow.

Listen then to young Desire,
Nor with your Pride against your Bliss conspire,
Desire, like a faithful Friend,
Persuades substantial Pleasure;
Like Chymick Boasts your Pride will end
In meer imagin'd Treasure.
Then sure the Strife you'll soon decide
(What can your Scruples move?)
Betwixt the sickly Glare of Pride,
And gen'rous Warmth of Love.

SONG CXCVII.

FAIR *Calia* Love pretended,
 And nam'd the Myrtle Bow's;
 When *Damon* long attended
 Beyond the promis'd Hour:
 At length impatient growing
 Of anxious Expectation,
 His Heart with Rage o'erflowing,
 He vented thus his Passion.

To all the Sex, deceitful,
A long and last Adieu,
Since Women prove ungrateful
As oft as Men prove true.
The Pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The Joys they give (if any)
Few, short, and unsincere.

But *Calia* now repenting
 Her Breach of Assignment;
 Arriv'd with Eyes consenting;
 And sparkling Inclination;
 Like *Cytherea* smiling,
 She blush'd and laid his Passion:
 The Shepherd ceas'd reviling,
 And sung this Recantation.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a Lover's Pains and Care!

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*And what Joys the Nymph's appearing,
After Absence or Despair!
Women wise increase Desiring,
By contriving kind Delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.*

S O N G CXCVIII.

GIVE me more Love, or more Disdain;
The Torrid or the Frozen Zone
Brings equal Ease unto my Pain,
The Temperate affords me none;
Either Extream of Love or Hate,
Is sweeter than a calm Estate.
Give me a Storm, if it be Love,
Like Danae in a golden Show'r;
I swim in Pleasure, if it prove
Disdain, that Torrent will devour
My Vultur Hopes; and he's possess'd
Of Heav'n, that's but from Hell releas'd.
Then crown my Joys, or cure my Pain;
Give me more Love, or more Disdain.

S O N G CXCIX.

Women like Venice Glasses are,
A very very brittle Ware;
Then do not in a foolish Freak,
Try if that brittle Ware will break.

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When Woman once begins to stray,
And leave the Paths of Honour,
In full Career she hies away,
All Care is lost upon her.

Be careful therefore, but not jealous,
And keep her from intriguing Fellows;
Since wheresoe'er a *Danae* grows,
Bright Gold in fleecy Currents flows.

S O N G C C.

PLague us not with idle Stories,
Whining Loves and senseless Glories:
What are Lovers, what are Kings?
What at best but slavish Things?

Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Love nor Beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious Slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd, as Nature made me.

Each by Turns, as Sense inspir'd me,
Bacchus, *Ceres*, *Venus* fir'd me;
I alone have lost true Pleasure,
Freedom is the only Treasure.

S O N G C C I.

SWAIN, thy hopeless Passion smother,
Perjur'd *Calia* loves another;
In his Arms I saw her lying,
Panting, kissing, trembling, dying;

There the fair Deceiver swore,
As she has done to you before.

Oh! said you, when she deceives me,
When that constant Creature leaves me,
Ifis's Waters back shall fly,
And leave their oozy Channels dry;
Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore,
For perjur'd *Calia* loves no more.

S O N G CCII.

O N the Brow of *Richmond* Hill,
Which *Europe* scarce can parallel,
Every Eye such Wonders fill,
To view the Prospect round;
Where the silver *Thames* does glide,
And stately Courts are edify'd,
Meadows deck'd in Summer's Pride,
With verdant Beauties crown'd.

Lovely *Cynthia* passing by,
With brighter Glories blest my Eye;
Ah! then in vain, in vain, said I,
The Fields and Flow'rs do shine;
Nature in this charming Place
Created Pleasure in Excess;
But all are poor to *Cynthia's* Face,
Whose Features are divine.

S O N G C C I I I.

A Maxim this, amongst the Wise,
That Absence cures a love-sick Mind:
 And others, who philosophize,
Gravely pronounce, That love is blind.
 Alas! too well do Lovers see,
 And separated best agree.

Banish me from *Belinda's* Sight,
 Or the fond Maid far hence remove:
 Our Bodies part, our Souls unite,
 The more we grieve, the more we love.
 Believe the Youth you wrongly blame,
 Absence adds Fuel to the Flame.

Between us burning Desarts place,
 Or trackless Mountains hid in Snow:
 Or let the wide unfathom'd Space
 Of roaring Seas between us flow:
 Place, or not place them, 'tis all one,
 Empires have Bounds, but Love has none.

Secure us, if you can secure,
 On distant Rocks, in Tow'rs of Brasse:
 When faithful Lovers most endure,
 Still most improv'd their Minutes pass.
 Imprison her, imprison me,
 In spite of Prisons, Thought is free.

Cease, then, your idle, cruel Arts,
 Recall your harsh Command:

A Destiny rules over Hearts,
And who can Destiny withstand?
In vain, alas! is human Skill:
Love will be Love, do what you will.

S O N G CCIV.

THAT none be deceiv'd by Time's too quick
flowing,

The Heart of a Lover's a Watch always going;
For, tho' Time be nimble, its Motions
Are quicker,
And thicker,
Where Love has its Notions.

The great Wheel is Hope, on which moves Desire;
And these, the less Orbs, Fear and Joy do inspire;
The Pendulum Mind's evermore
A thinking,
And clinking,
And ne'er giving o'er.

Occasion, the Hand, is still moving about;
'Till by it the critical Minnte's found out;
And Silence the Case is, to cover
The Kisses,
And Blisses
Enjoy'd by each Lover.

SONG CCV.

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why,
 Thou do'st from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft Embraces fly,
 And all his kind Endearments shun?
 So flies the Fawn, with Fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its Mother every where;
 It starts at ev'ry empty Blast,
 And trembles when no Danger's near,
 And yet I keep thee but in View,
 To gaze the Glories of thy Face;
 Nor with a hateful Step pursue,
 As Age, to rifle ev'ry Grace.
 Cease then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all Rivals to out-shine,
 And grown mature, and ripe for Joy,
 Leave Mamma's Arms, and come to mine.

SONG CCVI.

IF she be not kind as fair,
 But peevish and unhandy,
 Leave her, she's only worth the Care
 Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.
 I would not have thee such an Ass,
 Had'st thou ne'er so much Leisure,
 To sigh and whine for such a Lass,
 Whose Pride's above her Pleasure.

S O N G CCVII.

ARCH Cupid, gathering a Rose,
Awak'd a Bee from her Repose;
The Bee, provok'd, his Finger gor'd,
He ran, and to his Mother roar'd.

Undone; ah, Mother! I'm undone,

By a small Serpent rudely stung:

A thing with Wings, they call a Bee,

A naughty Bee has slain your Son:

See, see the Wound, O Mother, see.

The Goddess then embrac'd the Lad,
She sooth'd his Pain, and smiling said:

The Anguish from so small a Dart,

Is not like that which Lovers feel;

Each Lover feels thy pointed Steel,

Not in his Finger, but his Heart.

S O N G CCVIII.

IN vain by Parallels you strive

Panthaa's Eyes to praise;

Perfection, which we can't conceive,

It self alone displays.

Gaze on them only, if you'd know

What dazzling Rays they dart;

But if what piercing Darts they throw,

Then view my wounded Heart.

S O N G CCIX.

WHEN love-sick *Mars*, the God of Wars,
 Sat fighting in a Shade,
 The willing, willing Goddess bath'd
 Those Wounds herself had made.

All Rapture he, all charming she,
 Gave Kifs for ev'ry Scar ;
 Thus ravish'd he with the Deity,
 Swore Love was the nobler War.

Thus fighting he would for ever die,
 Melting in *Calia's* Arms,
 And pawn an Immortality
 For her diviner Charms.

S O N G CCX.

P R'ythee, *Silvia*, why so coy ?
 Lips were made for Kissing :
 Without Love, our solid Joy,
 Life but a foolish empty Toy,
 And hardly worth possessing.

Love can make us truly blest ;
 Would'st thou be less cruel,
 Soon its Pleasure thou might'st taste ;
 But Love's a Fire, and can't subsist
 Without Supply of Fuel.

SONG CCXI.

HOW happy am I
 The fair Sex can defy,
 And can e'ery Day say that my Heart is my own;
 For I never saw yet
 That Beauty or Wit
 But I lov'd if I pleas'd, or could let it alone.
 I thought that my Flame
 Would still prove the same
 For beautiful *Calia*, while *Calia* was true:
 But Love was so blind,
 When *Calia* was kind,
 I chang'd her for *Mopsa*, for *Mopsa* was new.

SONG CCXII.

IS *Hamilla* then my own,
 O the dear, the charming Treasure!
 Fortune now in vain shall frown;
 All my future Life is Pleasure.
 See how rich with youthful Grace
 Beauty warms her ev'ry Feature!
 Smiling Heav'n is in her Face;
 All is gay, and all is Nature.
 See what mingling Charms arise,
 Rosie Smiles and kindling Blushes;
 Love sits laughing in her Eyes,
 And betrays her secret Wishes.

SONG CCXIII.

SOME hoist up Fortune to the Skies,
 Others debase her to a Bubble:
 I nor her Frowns nor Favours prize,
 Nor think the Changeling worth my Trouble;
 If at my Door she chance to light;
 I civilly my Guest receive:
 The Visit paid, I bid good Night:
 Nor murmur when she takes her Leave.
 Tho' prosp'rous Gales my Canvass croud,
 Tho' smooth the Waves, serene the Skie,
 I trust not Calms, they Storms forebode,
 And speak th' approaching Tempest night.
 Then, *Virtue*, to the Helm repair,
 Thou, *Innocence*, shalt guide the Oar;
 Now rage, ye Winds, Storms, rend the Air,
 My Bark, thus mann'd, shall gain the Shore.

SONG CCXIV.

A Spouse I do hate,
 For either she's false or she's jealous;
 But give us a Mate,
 Who nothing will ask us, or tell us:
 She stands on no Terms,
 Nor chaffers by way of Indenture,
 Her Love for your Farms;
 But takes a kind Man at a Venture.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process or Warning,
From Wife for a Night
You may be divorc'd in the Morning.

When Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats cannot be any other :
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

S O N G C X C V .

'G Ainst Keepers we petition,
Who would enclose the Common :
'Tis enough to raise Sedition
In a free-born Subject, Woman
Because for his Gold
I my Body have sold,
He thinks I'm a Slave for Life ;
He rants, domineers,
He swaggers and swears,
And would keep me as bare as his Wife.

'Gainst Keepers we petition,
'Tis honest and fair,
That a Feast I prepare,
But when his dull Appetite's o'er,
I'll treat with the rest
Some welcomer Guest,
For the Reck'ning was paid me before.

SONG CCXVI.

WHILST *Alexis* lay prest,
 In her Arms he lov'd best,
 With his Hand round her Neck,
 And his Head on her Breast,
 He found the fierce Passion too hasty to stay,
 And his Soul in the Tempest just flying away,

When *Calia* saw this,
 With a Sigh and a Kiss,
 She cry'd, Oh my Dear!
 I am robb'd of my Bliss;
 'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
 To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

The Youth, tho' in Haste,
 And breathing his last,
 In Pity dy'd slowly,
 While she dy'd more fast;
 'Till at length she cry'd now, my Dear, now let
 Now die, my *Alexis*, and I will die too. (us go,

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
 'Till *Alexis* did try
 To recover new Breath,
 That again he might die:
 Then often they dy'd, but the more they did so
 The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd
 more slow.

S O N G CCXVII.

IN *Chloris* all soft Charms agree,
 Inchanting Humour, pow'rful Wit;
 Beauty from Affectation free,
 And for eternal Empire fit.
 Where-e'er she goes, Love waits her Eyes,
 The Women envy, Men adore;
 Tho' did she less the Triumph prize,
 She wou'd deserve the Conquest more:

But Vanity so much prevails,
 She begs what none else would deny her;
 Makes such Advances with her Eyes,
 The Hopes she gives prevents Desire:
 Catches at ev'ry trifling Heart,
 Grows warm with every glimm'ring Flame;
 The common Prey so deads her Dart,
 It scarce can pierce a noble Game:

I cou'd lie Ages at her Feet,
 Adore her, careless of my Pain,
 With tender Vows her Rigours meet,
 Despair, love on, and not complain;
 My Passion from all Change secure,
 No Favours raise, no Frown controuls,
 I any Torment can endure,
 But hoping with a Croud of Fools.



SONG CCXVIII.

R Anging the Plain, one Summer's Night,
To pass a vacant Hour,

I fortunately chanc'd to light

On lovely *Phillis*' Bow'r :

The Nymph adorn'd with Thousand Charms,
In Expectation sat,

To meet those Joys in *Strephon*'s Arms,
Which Tongue cannot relate.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
Her Breasts did gently rise ;
That ev'ry Lover might have read
Her Wishes in her Eyes.

At ev'ry Breath that moves the Trees,
She suddenly would start ;
A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,
A Trembling on her Heart.

But he that knew how well she lov'd,
Beyond his Hour had stay'd ;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
The melancholly Maid.

Ye Gods, said she, how oft he swore
He would be here by One ;
But now, alas ! 'tis Six, and more,
And yet he is not come.



SONG CCXIX.

Distracted with Care
For *Phillis* the Fair,
Since nothing cou'd move her,
Poor *Damon*, her Lover,
Resolves in Despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much Anguish,
But mad with his Love,
To a Precipice goes,
Where a Leap from above
Would soon finish his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The Sides did appear,
And the Bottom how deep,
His Torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a Lover forsaken,
A new Love may get;
But a Neck, when once broken,
Isn't easily set.

And that he could die
Whenever he wou'd,
But that he cou'd live
But as long as he cou'd:
How grievous soever
The Torment might grow,

240 *A Select* COLLECTION

He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so,
But bold, unconcern'd
At Thoughts of the Pain,
He calmly return'd
To his Cottage again.

S O N G CCXX.

GO, thou perpetual whining Lover,
For Shame leave off this humble Trade,
'Tis more than Time thou gav'st it over,
For Sighs and Tears will never move her;
By them more obstinate she's made,
And thou by Love, fond constant Love betray'd.

The more, vain Fop, thou su'st unto her,
The more she does torment thee still,
Is more perverse the more you wooe her,
When thou art humblest, lays thee lower;
And when, most prostrate to her Will,
Thou meanly begg'st for Life, does basely kill.

By Heaven! 'tis against all Nature,
Honour and Manhood, Wit and Sense,
To let a little female Creature
Rule, on the poor Account of Feature;
And thy unmanly Patience
Monstrous and shameful as her Insolence.

Thou may'st find Forty will be kinder,
Or more compassionate at least;

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 241

If one will serve, two Hours will find her,
And half this 'Do for ever bind her
As firm and true as thy own Breast,
On Love and Virtue's double Interest.

But if thou can'st not live without her,
This only she, when it comes to't,
And she relent not (as I doubt her)
Never make more ado about her,
To sigh and whimper is no Boot;
Go hang thy self, and that will do't.

S O N G CCXXI.

THE Danger is over, the Battle is past,
The Nymph had her Fears, but she ventur'd at last:

She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
She smil'd at her Folly, and own'd she had won.

By her Eyes we discover the Bride has been pleas'd,
Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd;
She dissembles her Joy, and affects to look down;
She sighs, 'tis for Sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all ye Virgins, both aged and young,
And you that have carry'd that Burthen too long,
Who've lost precious Time, and you who are
losing,
Betray'd by your Fears 'twixt doubting and
chusing.

242 *A Select* COLLECTION

Draw near, and learn what will settle your Mind,
You'll find your selves happy, when once you are
kind;

Do but wisely resolve the sweet Venture to run,
The Loss will be little, and much to be won.

S O N G CCXXII.

WERE I to chuse the greatest Bliss
That e'er in Love was known,

'T would be the highest of my Wish,

T' enjoy her Heart alone:

Kings might possess their Kingdoms free,

And Crowns unenvy'd wear,

They should no Rival have of me,

Might I reign Monarch there.

Hear, *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air

But whisper out my Love,

And prove but half so kind as fair,

My Sorrow you'll remove:

Cynthia, Oh! let us happy be,

Unite our Hearts in Love,

I'd change not such Felicity

For all the Joys above.

S O N G CCXXIII.

COME, fill us a Bumper of Red, my brave Boys,
Let us call for the Slaves from below;

Wine alone 'tis inspires the Mind with true Joys,

Since the Gods in their Heav'n drink so.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 243

He that troubles his Brain with dull Care is an
Having such brisk Liquor before him, [As,
Let us bury the World in the Grave of the Glass,
And for the brisk God, let's adore him.

Let us laugh at the Wise, and their Morals despise,
The rich Juice 'tis affords us Delight;
Let's drink a good Health to our Mistress's Eyes,
'Till our own Eyes shall bid us good Night.

S O N G CCXXIV.

O Fie! what mean I, foolish Maid,
In this remote and silent Shade,
To meet with you alone?
My Heart does with the Place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine;
Oh! I shall be undone!

A Savage Beast I would not fear,
Or should I meet with Villains here,
I to some Cave would run;
But such enchanting Art you show,
I cannot strive, I cannot go;
Oh! I shall be undone!

Ah! give your sweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more:
What must we yet fool on?
Ah! now I yield, ah! now I fall,
Ah! now I have no Breath at all,
And now I'm quite undone!

S O N G CCXXV.

Gentle Zephyrs, silent Glades,
 Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,
 Senses pleasing,
 Pains appeasing,
 Love each tender Breast invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
 Here the warbling Chorists sing,
 Love inspiring,
 All desiring
 To adorn the Infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
 Free from Anguish, free from Pains,
 Nymphs complying,
 Cares beguiling,
 Venus smiling, glads the Plains.

Let not us, too charming Fair,
 Be the only hapless Pair:
 Oh relieve me,
 Cease to grieve me,
 Ease your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love,
 This is, my Dear, no tell-tale Grove;
 Not revealing,
 But concealing,
 All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face,
Dwells an irresistible Grace;
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To pursue the blissful Chase:

Let me touch this panting Breast,
Here for ever let me rest,
Bliss enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving, ever blest.

S O N G CCXXVI.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;
That *Chloe*'s false and common:
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very Woman:
As such, I lik'd, as such caress'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no Man.

But oh! her Thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man,
And what care I one Farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
I take her Body, you her Mind,
Who has the better Bargain?

SONG CCXXVII.

L Eave off, fond Hermite, leave thy Vow,
 And fall again to drinking ;
 That Beauty that wo'n't Sack allow,
 Is hardly worth thy thinking :
 Dry Love or small can never hold,
 And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* soon grows cold.

 Do'st think by turning Anchorite,
 Or a dull Small-Beer Sinner,
 Thy cold Embraces can invite,
 Or sprightly Courtship win her :
 No, 'tis *Canary* that inspires,
 'Tis Sack, like Oil, gives Flames to am'rous Fires.

 This makes thee chant thy Mistress' Name,
 And to the Heavens raise her :
 And range this universal Frame
 For Epithets to praise her :
 Low Liquors render Brains unwitty,
 And ne'er provoke to Love, but move to Pity.

 Then be thy self, and take thy Glass,
 Leave off this dry Devotion ;
 Thou must, like *Neptune*, court thy Lass,
 Wallowing in *Nectar's* Ocean :
 Let's offer to each Lady's Shrine
 A full crown'd Bowl, here's a Health to thine.



S O N G CCXXVIII.

A Curse on all Cares,
And popular Fears,
Come, let's away to the Bell,
For their Wine there drinks well;
There take off our Glafs,
Nay, it shall not one pass,

*Chor. For we will be dull and heavy no more,
Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good
Store.*

Come, fill up your Wine,
Look, fill it like mine,
Here, Boys, I begin
A good Health to the King;
Jack, see it go round,
Whilst with Mirth we abound,

*Chor. For we will be dull and heavy no more,
Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good
Store.*

Nay, don't us deceive;
Why this will you leave?
The Glafs is not big,
What-a-pox, you're no Whig,
Come, drink up the rest,
Or be merry at least,

*Chor. For we will be dull and heavy no more,
Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good
Store.*

SONG CCXXIX.

WHEN on fair *Calia* I did spy
 A wounded Heart of Stone,
 The Wound had almost made me cry,
 Sure this Heart was my own.

But when I saw it was enthron'd
 In her celestial Breast,
 O then I it no longer own'd,
 For mine was ne'er so blest.

Yet if in highest Heavens do shine
 Each constant Martyr's Heart;
 Then she may well give Rest to mine,
 That for her sake doth smart.

Where, seated in so high a Bliss,
 Tho' wounded, it shall live:
 Death enters not in Paradise,
 The Place free Life doth give.

Or if the Place less sacred were,
 Did but her saving Eye
 Bathe my sick Heart in one kind Tear,
 Then should I never die.

Slight Balms may heal a slighter Sore,
 No Med'cine less divine
 Can ever hope for to restore
 A wounded Heart like mine.

S O N G CCXXX.

Would you court the Joys won't leave you,
Pay your Vows to *Bacchus*' Shrine;
Other Pleasures will deceive you:
Truth is only found in Wine.

Let the puny sneaking Lover
Bow to *Cupid*, like a Fool:
Just Experience will discover
He's no more than Woman's Tool.

Bring more Wine, then charge your Glasses;
Let 'em flow with gen'rous Red:
Drown a Thousand loving Asses,
Then in Triumph march to Bed.

S O N G CCXXXI.

GO, happy Paper, doubly blest,
To fair *Corinna* steal,
If not too great to be express'd,
Tell her the Pain I feel.
Tell her how raging is my Flame,
Too exquisite to bear!
But say not how, nor whence you came,
Nor speak one Letter of my Name,
Lest it may grate her Ear.

O! be that Moment ever blest
When first I saw my Love,

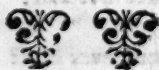
250 *A Select COLLECTION*

The dearest, sweetest, and the best
That e'er was form'd above !

I saw ten thousand Graces rise,
And bloom on ev'ry Part,
Ten Thousand Arrows, from her Eyes,
Shot thro' my Soul with sweet Surprise,
And stood to guard her Heart.

In vain the envious Shades of Night,
Or Follies of the Day,
Could veil her Image from my Sight,
Or tempt my Soul to stray.
She is the only waking Theme
Which o'er my Wishes reigns,
Her pleasing Form meets ev'ry Dream,
More Charms in her each Day there seem,
That thrill thro' all my Veins.

Let me be lost in thy Embrace,
As Rivers in the Sea;
Or live Eternity of Days,
To love and honour thee!
In those dear Arms (but Fate controuls)
I'd as the Mountains fly,
Still breathe away successive Souls;
So Billow after Billow rolls,
To kiss the Shore and die.



S O N G CCXXXII.

MY Masters and Friends,
 Whoever intends
 To trouble this Room with Discourse,
 You that sit by
 Are as guilty as I,
 Be your Talk the better or worse;
 Now, lest you should prate
 Of Matters of State,
 Or any thing else that might hurt us;
 We rather will drink
 Off our Cups to the Brink,
 And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

Suppose you speak clean
 From the Matter you mean,
 That's not a Pin here or there;
 Yet take this Advice,
 Be both merry and wise,
 Ye know not what Creatures be near:
 Or suppose that some Sot
 Should lark in this Pot,
 To scatter out Words that might hurt us;
 To free that same Doubt,
 We'll see all the Pot out,
 And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

If any Man here
 Be in bodily Fear
 Of a Wolf, a Wife, or a Tweak;

252 *A Select* COLLECTION

Here's Armour of Proof,
 Shall keep her aloof,
 Here's Liquor will make a Man speak:
 Of if any intend
 To challenge his Friend,
 Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
 Let him drink once or twice
 Of this *Helicon* Juice,
 And then he shall speak to the Purpose.

He that rails at the Times,
 In Prose or in Rhimes,
 Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon;
 Sings Prophecies strange,
 And threatens some Change,
 And hangs them upon the Queen's Tomb:
 He is but a Railer,
 Or prophesying Taylor,
 To scatter out Words that might hurt us,
 Let's talk of no Matches,
 But drink and sing Catches,
 And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

It is a mad Zeal
 For a Man to reveal
 His secret Thoughts when he boozes;
 He is but a Widgeon
 That talks of Religion,
 In Taverns, or in Tippling Houses:

It is not for us
Thus to discourse,
Let's talk of no thing that might hurt us;
But let us begin
A new Health to the King,
And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

Amidst of our Bliss
'Twill not be amiss
To talk of our going home late;
If Constable *Kite*,
Or a Piss-pot at Night,
Should chance to be spilt on our Pate:
It were all in vain
To rage or complain,
Or scatter out Words that might hurt us;
'Twere better trudge home
To honest kind *Joan*,
And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

S O N G CCXXXIII.

WE all to conqu'ring Beauty bow,
Its pleasing Pow'rs admire;
But I ne'er saw that Face till now,
That like yours could inspire:
Now I may say I've met with one
Amazes all Mankind;
And, like Men gazing on the Sun,
With too much Light am blind.

254 *A Select* COLLECTION

Soft as the tender moving Sighs
 When longing Lovers meet;
 Like the divining Prophet's wife,
 And like blown Roses sweet;
 Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;
 Each happy Night a Bride;
 A Mien like awful Majesty,
 And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,
 Chaste, beautiful and young,
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never thought it long:
 Ah! were you to reward such Cares,
 And Life so long could stay,
 Not fourteen, but four Hundred Years
 Would seem but as one Day.

S O N G CCXXXIV.

NOW the good Man's from home,
 I'll cast away Care,
 And, with some brisk Fellow,
 Steal out to the Fair;
 Tho' some are too bashful,
 And others too bold,
 Yet Womens Intentions
 Are not to be told.

But if I should meet
 With a Spark to my Mind,

One fit to be trusted,
 I then may prove kind;
 With him I would ramble
 The Fair all around,
 I'd eat and I'd drink
 Of the best could be found.

There's *Fielding* and *Oats*,
 And *Hipp'sley* and *Hall*,
 And *Bullock* and *Lee*,
 And the Devil and all:
 I'll have the best Place,
 And I'll see ev'ry Sight,
 And wanton in Pleasure
 From Morning till Night.

Oh! there I shall see
 All the Gentlemen Rakes,
 And hear the sweet Cries
 Of Beer, Ale Wine, and Cakes;
 Whilst I, in blue Apron,
 And clean Linen Gown,
 Draw all the fine Sparks
 From the Flirts of the Town.

S O N G CCXXXV.

THE sweet roſie Morning
 Peeps over the Hills,
 With Bluſhes adorning
 The Meadows and Fields.

256 *A Select* COLLECTION

CHORUS.

The merry, merry, merry Horns
Call come, come, come away,
Awake from your Slumber,
And hail the new Day.

The Stag rouz'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full Cry.

CHORUS.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The musical Chase,
Where Pleasure and vigorous
Health you embrace.

The Day's Sport, when over,
Makes Blood Circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for the Night.

CHORUS.

Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may;
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown the Day.

SONG CCXXXVI.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human Race are Worms.

Man is a very Worm, by Birth,
Proud Reptile, vile and vain,
Awhile he crawls upon the Earth,
Then shrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er since our Grannam's Evil:
She first convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm:
The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-flies,
That flutter for a Day;
First from a Worm they took their Rise,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows;
Some Worms suit all Conditions:
Misers are Muck-worms; Silk-worms, Beaus;
And Death-watches, Physicians.

That Statfemen have a Worm is seen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah, Moore! thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain wou'd rise,

258 *A Select COLLECTION*

If thou could'st make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane* !
Who sett'st our Intrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Thou only can'st our Fate adjourn
Some few short Years, no more :
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd ;
Phyllis continu'd still unkind :
Then you may e'en despair, he said,
In vain I strive to change her Mind.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart ;
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your Part,
And shew myself a mightier God.

Thus huffing Honour domineers
In Breasts where he alone has Place ;
But if true gen'rous Love appears,
The Hector dares not shew his Face.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd ;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 259

I have some Pleasure in my Pain,
She can have none with all her Pride:

I fall a Sacrifice to Love,
She lives a Wretch, for Honour's sake;
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
The Difference is not hard to make.

Consider real Honour then,
You'll find her's cannot be the same:
'Tis noble Confidence, in Men;
In Women, mean distrustful Shame.

S O N G CCXXXVIII.

I N vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest,
That I, inconstant, have possess'd
Or lov'd a fairer she:
Wou'd you, with Ease, at once be cur'd,
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Consult your Glass and me.

If then you think, that I can find
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've Reason for your Fears:
But if impartial you will prove
To your own Beauty, and my Love,
How needless are your Tears!

If, in my Way, I should, by Chance,
Receive or give a wanton Glance,
I like but while I view:

260 *A Select COLLECTION*

How slight the Glance, how faint the Kiss,
Compar'd to that substantial Bliss

Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight, the curious Bee,
From Flow'r to Flow'r still wanders free;

And, where each Blossom blows,
Extracts the Juice from all he meets;

But, for his Quintessence of Sweets,

He ravishes the Rose.

So, my fond Fancy to employ,

On each Variety of Joy,

From Nymph to Nymph I roam;

Perhaps see Fifty in a Day:

Those are but Visits which I pay,

For *Chloe* is my Home.

S O N G CCXXXIX.

WHEN Love and Youth cannot make way,
Nor with the Fair avail,

To bend to *Cupid's* gentle Sway,

What Art can then prevail?

What Art, &c.

I'll tell you, *Strephon*, a Receipt

Of a most sov'reign Pow'r;

If you the stubborn wou'd defeat,

Let drop a Golden Show'r;

Let drop, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 201

This Method try'd enamour'd Jove,
Before he cou'd obtain
The cold regardless Danae's Love,
Or conquer her Disdain ;
Or conquer, &c.

By Cupid's self I have been told,
He never wounds a Heart
So deep, as when he tips with Gold
~~The fatal piercing Dart ;~~
The fatal, &c.

S O N G CCXL.

AH! *Chloris*, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant Beauty cou'd beget
No Happiness nor Pain :
When I this Dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming Day,
I little thought that rising Fire
Wou'd take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,
As Metals in a Mine ;
Age from no Face takes more away
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your Charms insensibly
To their Perfection press'd,
So Love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my Breast.

162 *A Select* COLLECTION

My Passion with your Beauty grew
 While *Cupid* at my Heart,
 Still, as his Mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming Dart:
 Each glory'd in their wanton Part;
 To make a Lover, he,
 Employ'd the utmost of his Art;
 To make a Beauty, she.

S O N G CCXLI.

TO the bleak Winds, on barren Sands,
 While *Delia* dares her Charms expose
 To missive Globes, with glowing Hands,
 She forms the soft descending Snows.

The lovely Maid, from ev'ry Part
 Collecting, moulds with nicest Care
 The Flakes, less frozen than her Heart,
 Less than her downy Bosom fair.

On my poor Breast her Arms she tries;
 Levell'd at me, like darted Flame
 From *Jove's* red Hand, the Pellet flies;
 As swift its Course, as sure its Aim!

Cold as I thought the fleecy Rain,
 Unshock'd I stood, nor fear'd a Smart;
 While latent Fires, with pointed Pain,
 Shot thro' my Veins, and pierc'd my Heart.

Or with her Eyes she warm'd the Snow,
(What Coldness can their Beams withstand!)

Or else (who would not kindle so!)

It caught th' Infection from her Hand.

So glowing Seeds to Flints confin'd

The Sun's enliv'ning Heat conveys:

Thus Iron to the Loadstone join'd,

Usurps its Pow'r, and wins its Praise.

So strongly influent shine her Charms,

While Heav'n's own Light can scarce appear;

While Winter's Rage his Rays disarms,

And blasts the Beauties of the Year.

To ev'ry Hope of Safety lost,

In vain we fly the lovely Foe;

Since Flames invade, disguis'd in Frost,

And *Cupid* tips his Dart with Snow.

SONG CCXLII.

TO the Brook and the Willow that heard
him complain,

Ab Willow! Willow!

Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his Pain;

Ab Willow, Willow; Ab Willow, Willow.

Sweet Stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to
flow;

Ab Willow, &c.

264 *A Select* COLLECTION

And the Waters shall rise to the Brink with my
Woe:

Ab Willow, &c.

All restless and painful my *Calia* now lies,

Ab Willow, &c.

And counts the sad Moments of Time as it flies.

Ab Willow, &c.

To the Nymph, my Heart's Love, ye soft Slum-
bers repair;

Ab Willow, &c.

Spread your downy Wings o'er her, and make
her your Care.

Ab Willow, &c.

Let me be left restless, my Eyes never close;

Ab Willow, &c.

So the Sleep that I lose gives my dear one Repose.

Ab Willow, &c.

Dear Stream, if you chance by her Pillow to creep,

Ab Willow, &c.

Perhaps your soft Murmurs may lull her to Sleep.

Ab Willow, &c.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,

Ab Willow, &c.

And the Loss of my Charmer the Fates have de-
creed,

Ab Willow, &c.

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 265

Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one believe,
Ab Willow, &c.

Few Sighs to thy Loss, and few Tears will I give.
Ab Willow, &c.

One Fate to thy *Colin* and thee shall betide,
Ab Willow, &c.

And soon lay thy Shepherd down by thy cold Side,
Ab Willow, &c.

Then glide, gentle Brook, and to lose thyself
haste,
Ab Willow, &c.

Bear this to my Willow, this Verse is my last.
Ab Willow, &c.

S O N G CCXLIII.

THERE was and a Swain full fair,
Was tripping it over the Grass;
And there he spy'd, with her Nut-brown Hair,
A pretty tight Country Lass:
Fair Damsel, says he,
With an Air brisk and free,
Come, let us each other know:
She blush'd in his Face,
And reply'd with a Grace,
Pray forbear, Sir; No, no, no, no, &c.

The Lad, being bolder grown,
Endeavour'd to steal a Kiss;

A a

266 A Select COLLECTION

She cry'd, pish——let me alone,
 But held up her Nose for the Bliss:
 And when he begun,
 She would never have done,
 But unto his Lips she did grow;
 Near smother'd to Death,
 As soon as she'd Breath,
 She stammer'd out, No, no, no, no, &c.

Come, come, says he, pretty Maid,
 Let's walk to yon private Grove;
Cupid always delights in the cooling Shade;
 There I'll read thee a Lesson of Love:
 She mends her Pace,
 And hastes to the Place;
 But if her Lecture you'd know,
 Let a bashful young Muse
 Plead the Maiden's Excuse,
 And answer you, No, no, no, no, &c.

SONG CCXLIV.

WITH no less various Passions tost,
Leander view'd the boist'rous Main;
 Each rising Wind his Wishes crost,
 Each swelling Wave increas'd his Pain.

My Breast a diff'rent Motive fires;
 A diff'rent Cause my Fear alarms;
 A Calm could favour his Desires,
 My fiercer Love expects a Storm.

May low'ring Clouds and heavy Show'rs
 For once relieve a Lover's Care,
 Still to protect my happy Hours,
 And keep the beauteous *Chloe* here.

Hide, *Phæbus*, thy officious Light ;
 Let not one cross intruding Ray
 Deprive me of my *Chloe's* Sight,
 And rob us of a brighter Day.

S O N G CCXLV.

OH! what a Plague is Love,
 I cannot bear it ;
 She will inconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it ;
 It so torments my Mind,
 That my Heart faileth ;
 She wavers with the Wind,
 As a Ship faileth ;
 Please her the best I may
 She loves still to gainsay,
 Alack, and well-a-day !
Phillida flouts me.

At the Fair t'other Day,
 As she pass'd by me,
 She look'd another way,
 And wou'd not spy me.

268 *A Select* COLLECTION

I woo'd her for to dine,
 But cou'd not get her;
 Dick had her to the *Vine*,
 He might entreat her;
 With *Daniel* she did dance,
 On me she wou'd not glance;
 Oh thrice unhappy Chance!

Phlida flouts me.

Fair Maid, be not so coy,
 Do not disdain me,
 I am my Mother's Joy;
 Sweet, entertain me.
 I shall have, when she dies,
 All Things that's sitting;
 Her Poultry and her Bees,
 And her Goose sitting;
 A Pair of Mattress Beds,
 A Barrel full of Shreds:
 And yet, for all these Goods,

Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say,
 That she lov'd Posies;
 In the last Month of *May*
 I gave her Roses,
 Cowslips and *July-flow'rs*,
 And the sweet *Lily*,
 got to deck the *Bow'rs*.
 Of my dear *Philly*.

She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again ;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain,
Phyllida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat Curds and Cream
All the Year lasting,
And drink the Chrystal Stream,
Pleasant in tasting :
Swig Whey until you burst,
Eat Bramble-berries,
Pye-lid and Pastry Crust,
Pears, Plumbs and Cherries;
Thy Garments shall be thin,
Made of a Weather's Skin ;
Yet all's not worth a Pin,
Phyllida flouts me.

Which Way soe'er I go,
She still torments me ;
And whatsoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me :
I fade and pine away
With Grief and Sorrow ;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any Shadow ;
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a Thousand Year,
And all because my dear
Phyllida flouts me.

270 *A Select* COLLECTION

Fair Maidens, have a Care,
 And in Time take me;
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me:
 There's *Doll*, the Dairy-Maid,
 Smil'd on me lately,
 And wanton *Winifred*
 Favours me greatly;
 One throws Milk on my Clothes,
 T'other plays with my Nose;
 What pretty Toys are those!
Phillida flouts me.

She has a Cloath of mine,
 Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
 Which she keeps as a Sign
 Of my Fidelity:
 But if she frowns on me,
 She shall ne'er wear it:
 I'll give it my Maid *Joan*,
 And she shall tear it.
 Since 'twill no better be,
 I'll bear it patiently;
 Yet all the World may see
Phillida flouts me!

S O N G CCXLVI.

O H! where's the Plague in Love,
 That you can't bear it?
 If Men wou'd constant prove,
 They need not fear it.

Young Maidens, soft and Kind,
Are most in Danger;
Men waver with the Wind,
Each Man's a Ranger:
Their Falshood makes us know,
That two Strings to our Bow
Is best, I find it so:

Barnaby doubts me.

'Tis I that should despair,
'Tis you that slight me,
What-tho', when at the Fair,
Dick did invite me;
Tho' Daniel with me danc'd,
You may believe me,
I often on thee glanc'd,
I'd not deceive thee:
I saw thee look away,
I knew the Reason why,
I can see with one Eye,

Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and silly Boy,
Do I disdain thee?
Because thou'rt Mother's Joy,
I'd entertain thee;
Yet wish I not her Death,
For aught she'd leave thee;
Nor, when Time stops her Breath,
Will I deceive thee.
What care I for her Geese,
Or Beds of carded Fleece?
Since this quite breaks my Peace,

Barnaby doubts me.

272 *A Select COLLECTION*

What-tho' when I did say
 That I lov'd Posies,
 You, in the Month of *May*,
 Brought me sweet *Roses* ?
 You never shew'd the Thing
 That most would please me;
 A gay gold Wedding-Ring
 Wou'd soon have eas'd me:
 I should not with Disdain
 Have thrown it back again;
 I think 'tis flat and plain,
Barnaby doubts me.

Talk not of Curds and Cream,
 Pears, Plumbs and Cherries,
 Nor of the chrystal Stream,
 Or Bramble-berries:
 Most surely you forget
 Our wonted Frisking,
 The Cock'ril on the Spit,
 And the Pork Grisking;
 With more that might be said,
 When I got Daine to Bed;
 Yet, oh! unhappy Maid,
Barnaby doubts me.

You say, whate'er you do,
 Nothing contents thee,
 I pray it may be so,
 While thou torment'st me:
 I pine and sigh all Night,
 And wish for Morrow,
 I can have no Delight,
 I'm full of Sorrow.

Oh! if I die, I fear,
 Within a Thousand Year,
 My Ghost will make't appear,
Barnaby doubts me.

I knit thy Worsted Hose,
 To save the Penny,
 But wou'd not spot thy Clothes,
 Like idle *Winny*:
 Yet wanton *Winifred*
 You like much better;
 Or *Doll*, the Dairy-Maid,
 If you cou'd get her.
 Ungrateful *Barnaby*,
 How can'st thou threaten me?
 But I knew how 'twou'd be,
Barnaby doubts me.

The Cloath I have of thine
 Wrought with blue *Coventry*,
 Which thou gav'st as a Sign
 Of thy Fidelity,
 I'll give it back again,
 To thee, as Token,
 That by a perjur'd Swain,
 My sad Heart's broken.
 Oh! *Barnaby*, unkind,
 Thou'lt quite distract my Mind,
 Too late, alas! I find
Barnaby doubts me.

S O N G CCXLVII.

WHY hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
 That beauteous Heav'n, ere while serene!
 Whence do these Sorms and Tempests flow?

Or what this Gust of Passion mean?
 Ah! then must Mankind lose that Light,
 Which in thy Eye was wont to shine?
 And lie obscur'd in endless Night,
 For each poor silly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
 That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
 Thy Beauty can make large Amends?
 Or if I durst prophanely try
 Thy Beauties pow'rful Charm's t'upbraid;
 Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
 Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For *Venus*, ev'ry Heart t'ensnare,
 With all her Charms has deck'd thy Face;
 And *Pallas*, with unusual Care,
 Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry Grace.
 Who can the double Pain endure,
 Or who must not resign the Field
 To thee, celestial Maid, secure
 With *Cupid's* Bow, and *Pallas'* Shield?

If then to thee such Pow'r is giv'n,
 Let not a Wretch in Torment live;
 But smile, and learn to copy Heav'n,
 Since we must sin, ere it forgive.

Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
 Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
 But ev'n itself, appeas'd, bestows
 As the Reward of Penitence.

S O N G CCXLVIII.

WHILE from my Looks, fair Nymph you
 guests

The secret Passions of my Mind,
 My heavy Eyes, you say, confess
 A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little Art
 To have this fatal Secret found;
 With the same Ease you threw the Dart,
 'Tis certain you may shew the Wound.

How can I see you, and not love,
 While you as op'ning East are fair?
 While cold as Northern Blasts you prove,
 How can I love and not despair?

The Wretch in double Fetters bound,
 Your potent Mercy may release:
 Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
 Fair Prophetess, my Grief would cease.

S O N G CCXLIX.

YOU laugh to see me fond appear
 Of one not worth the Part, *Fal, la, la, &c.*
 A Wretch by Nature insincere,
 And amorous by Art. *Fal, fal, fal, &c.*

276 *A Select COLLECTION*

Wrong not a well-meant honest Flame,

To *Lais* undesign'd;

'Tis to her Sex, not her, I am

So ardent and so kind. *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

Where's now the mighty Difference shown,

In what we different do? *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

One feigns to all alike, and one

To all alike is true. *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

As both have Hundreds done before,

Each other we carefs;

Impartial she loves no Man more,

And I no Woman less. *Fal, lal, lal, &c.*

S O N G C C L.

U P O N *Clarinda's* panting Breast,
The happy *Strephon* lay;

With Love and Beauty jointly prest

To pass the Time away.

Fresh Raptures of transporting Love

Struck all his Senses dumb;

He envy'd not the Pow'rs above,

Nor all the Joys to come.

As Bees around the Garden rove,

To fetch their Treasures home;

So *Strephon* trac'd the Fields of Love,

To fill her Honey-comb: 6

Her ruby Lips he kiss'd and prest,

From whence all Joys derive;

Then, humming round her snowy Breasts

Strait crept in to her Hive.

F I N I S.

MA 50

